

Desert

MAGAZINE of the SOUTHWEST

JANUARY, 1964

50c

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JANUARY PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

The Southwest is a land of changing moods . . . a land where contrast is the keynote and where the blazing desert in the afternoon turns into pastel shades in the evening . . . where rugged mountains change their shapes from dawn to dusk and where wildlife just for a fleeting instant can be captured on film.

In many of these instances Desert Magazine readers are there . . . at the right place at the right second. In order to bring Desert readers these captured moods and moments we are resuming the Photo Contest started years ago by Randall Henderson, founder of Desert Magazine.

FIRST PRIZE will be \$15; SECOND PRIZE, \$8. For non-winning pictures accepted for publication \$3 each will be paid. Although not part of the contest, Desert is also interested in viewing 4x5 color transparencies for possible front cover use. We pay \$25 per transparency. Both black-and-white and color are for first publication rights only.

PHOTO CONTEST RULES

1—Prints for monthly contests must be black and white, 5x7 or larger, printed on glossy paper.

2—Each photograph submitted should be fully labeled as to subject, time and place. Also technical data: camera, shutter speed, hour of day, etc.

3—PRINTS WILL BE RETURNED ONLY WHEN RETURN POSTAGE IS ENCLOSED.

4—All entries must be in the Desert Magazine office by the 20th of the contest month.

5—Contests are open to both amateur and professional photographers. Desert Magazine requires first publication rights only of prize winning pictures.



DESERT MOONLIGHT

Mildred Hooper

Tempe, Arizona

The desert in a moonlight study near Phoenix, Arizona. Data: Rolleiflex, Tri-X, f 8 at 4 seconds, 11 p.m.

First Prize



Second Prize

NOKI CANYON

Mary McFarland Leister

Ellicott City, Maryland

Early October on the Navajo Reservation north of Tonalea. Data: Rolleicord, Schneider Xenar lens, Verichrome Pan, f 11 at 1/30th, mid-morning.

Selected List of SOUTHWESTERN BOOKS

LOST DESERT BONANZAS by Eugene Conrotto, former editor-publisher of the Desert Magazine. Known facts about more than 100 lost mines and hidden treasure troves are compiled in this brand-new 270 page book. No other book has ever gathered together as many facts about southwestern bonanzas. It was taken from a quarter century of earlier Desert Magazine articles plus correspondence from treasure hunters throughout the West. 91 excellent maps by Norton Allen. Hard cover. Four-color dust jacket. \$6.50.

★ ★ ★
CRUISING THE SEA OF CORTEZ by Spencer Murray. Modern-day adventure in a 25-foot power cruiser along the gulf shore of Lower California and across the Sea of Cortez. 76 photos by Ralph Poole. 240 pages, hard cover, four-color dust jacket. Maps and charts. \$6.75.

★ ★ ★
NAVAJO RUGS — PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE by Gil Maxwell. A historical background to modern Navajo rugs, a description of various types and areas. Map of trading posts on the Navajo Reservation. 20 four-color photos plus many black-and-white pictures. The author is one of America's top Navajo rug authorities. Extensive bibliography. Paper cover. \$2.00.

★ ★ ★
BOOK OF THE AMERICAN WEST prepared by Jay Monaghan. This massive 610 page book was "arranged" into ten parts, each section prepared by an authority in the field. The contents: Explorers and Mountain Men; Transportation in the West; Treasures of the American West; Indians and Soldiers of the West; the Law of the West; Cowboys and Their Horses; Guns of the West; Western Wild Life; Western Folklore and Songs; and a Gallery of Western Art. The latter section has 20 color plates by such artists as Catlin, Bodmer, Bierstadt, Schrevogel, Leigh, Remington, Stanley, and Russell. Richly illustrated throughout, the book is a western library under one cover. Quality press work. \$22.50.

★ ★ ★
MOUNTAIN MEADOWS MASSACRE by Juanita Brooks. First published in 1950, the book was long out of print. Demand for it brought it out again last year. It tells of the events leading up to the massacre of some 120 California-bound emigrants in the fall of 1857 in southern Utah. The massacre itself is detailed, and subsequent investigations, leading to the execution of John D. Lee, are told. The 316 page book has an extensive bibliography and a few illustrations. \$5.95.

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PAINTERS OF THE DESERT by Ed Ainsworth. Biographies of 13 artists who found their inspiration in the desert southwest. Chapters devoted to Maynard Dixon, Clyde Forsythe, Jimmy Swinnerton, Nicolai Fechin, Carl Eyel, Paul Lauritz, Conrad Buff, Don Perceval, John Hilton, Orpha Klinker, Burt Procter, Brownell McGrew, and Bill Bender. 110 pages, 14 four-color reproductions. Many black-and-whites. Beautiful cover and dust jacket \$11.00.

★ ★ ★

PHOTO ALBUM OF YESTERDAY'S SOUTHWEST compiled by Charles E. Shelton. Ornately bound collection of early day southwestern photographs, some 100 years old. 195 historic pictures, most never before published. 192 pages on high quality stock. Embossed picture album cover, black and gold. Shows the real face of the Southwest, the prospectors, Indians, explorers, cowboys, gamblers, military, and land promoters. Stagecoaches, river boats. \$15.00.

★ ★ ★

OLD TIME CATTLEMEN AND OTHER PIONEERS OF THE ANZA-BORREGO AREA by Lester Reed. A personal recollection of the first ranchers and cowmen who roamed the area from Borrego Valley to Anza, Hemet, Aguanga and Temecula. Also, a chapter on the Indians of the area, and early homesteaders and prospectors. More than 50 historic photos. Spiral bound cover. 148 pages. \$3.50.

★ ★ ★

WARNER, THE MAN AND THE RANCH by Lorrin L. Morrison. First printed in 1962, this book about one of the West's amazing pioneers continues to be a popular selection for those who want to expand their knowledge of southern California's pastoral period. Juan Jose Warner was a trapper and a trader; he was owner of a great land grant rancho; he served in the state legislature; he ended up as a historian! The Warner Ranch was on the line of march of Mexican and American armies. Today it is one of California's finest resort spots. 87 pages, paper bound. \$2.

★ ★ ★

MEXICO, a Sunset Discovery Book. The principal highways plus worthwhile sidetrips in Mexico are features of this up-to-date guidebook by the Sunset Magazine staff. Special features on Mexico City and Baja California are part of the booklet, which has 107 photos and 9 maps. Of particular interest is the section on the West Coast Highway. A Supplementary Reading List has been prepared by Lawrence Clark Powell and included in the guidebook. 96 pages. Paperbound. \$1.75.

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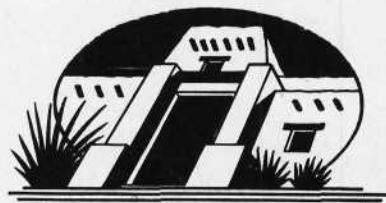
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Photo by Darwin Van Campen taken in Chiricahua National Monument in southeastern Arizona along the trail to Heart-of-Rocks.



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Photo courtesy Utah Publicity Council.
Navajo Lake near Cedar City, Utah.

THESE PIN-UPS OF THE PAST WHICH BROUGHT WARMTH TO AN UNKNOWN PROSPECTOR WERE FOUND BY IRENE J. BRENNAN, ON THE WALL OF AN OLD MINING SHACK NEAR SEARCHLIGHT, NEVADA. THE BOULDER CITY, NEVADA PHOTOGRAPHER, WHO WON THE FIRST PRIZE IN DESERT'S DECEMBER PHOTO CONTEST, SEEMS TO CAPTURE THE SPIRIT OF THE DESERT IN HER PICTURES.

THE SOUTHWEST IN JANUARY

By JACK PEPPER

SALTON SEA SAGA. Water level of Salton Sea, the Southern California salt water resort lake, is the highest it has been in 10 years, according to the Coachella Valley County Water District. It rose from 233.88 to 232.88 feet below sea level during the past 12 months. Because of the many conflicting and often erroneous reports and rumors concerning Salton Sea, DESERT MAGAZINE is preparing an article on the area.

ADVENTUROUS AUTHOR. One of the most interesting authors we have met for some time dropped by the office recently. Dean Hobbs Blanchard just returned from Madagascar and Mauritius where he gathered material and photographs for another book. His current book, "Ecuador, Crown Jewel of the Andes" tells of his adventures with his wife and their two-year-old daughter during their two year stay in the Andes during which they lived with the natives and even visited the Jivaro head-hunters. The author speaks Spanish, Portu-

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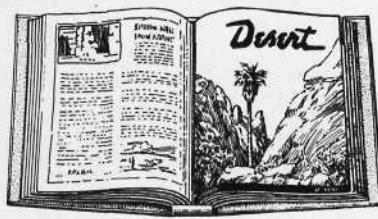
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guese, German, French and has a knowledge of Greek and the Mundurucu Indian tongue in addition to having studied Egyptian hieroglyphics, Gaelic and Japanese. "Ecuador" is published by Vantage Press.

WILDERNESS AREA UPHELD. An application to build a ski lift in the Mt. San Gorgonio Wilderness Area has been rejected by the United States Forest Service. A previous application in 1957 by another developer was also turned down. Although San Gorgonio Ski Lifts, Inc. indicated an appeal may be made, a Forest spokesman said the decision is "final."

JANUARY CALENDAR. Dec. 26-Jan. 1—Southwestern Sun Carnival, El Paso, Texas. 5—Polar Bear Regatta, Canyon Lake, Phoenix. 8—Tour of Churches on Gila Reservation. (Meet at Southwest Gas Co., 9 a.m., Coolidge, Ariz.) 8-12—Western Seniors Golf Rodeo, Wickenburg, Ariz. 10-12—Don's Club Travelcade, Hermosillo and Guaymas. 12—Open Gymkhana, Western Saddle Club, Phoenix. 17-18—Blue Ribbon Tennis Springs. 18-19—Tule Gem and Mineral Society Annual mid-winter show, Municipal Auditorium, Visalia, Calif. 26—Rodeo at Flying E, Wickenburg, Ariz. 31-Feb. 2—Parada del Sol, Phoenix. Golf Tournaments throughout Coachella Valley all month. Check with Imperial Valley Development Agency, Imperial, California for dates of the Cattlemen and Sheepmen Golf Tournament at Brawley, and the Square Dance Festival at El Centro.

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New Books For Desert Readers



THE QUIET CRISIS

By Secretary Stewart Udall

"One of the paradoxes of American society is that while our economic standard of living has become the envy of the world, our environmental standard has steadily declined. We are better housed, better nourished, and better entertained, but we are not better prepared to inherit the earth or to carry on the pursuit of happiness."

This is one of the many powerful and to-the-point observations made by Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall in the last two summation chapters of his new book, "The Quiet Crisis."

With an introduction by the late President John F. Kennedy, THE QUIET CRISIS traces the Myth of Superabundance from the time our forefathers landed on the western hemisphere to the present day when we live under the Myth of Scientific Supremacy.

"America today stands poised on a pinnacle of wealth and power, yet we live in a land of vanishing beauty, of increasing ugliness, of shrinking open space, and of an over-all environment that has diminished daily by pollution and noise and blight. This, in brief, is the quiet conservation crisis of the 1960s," he states in the book which he started shortly after becoming Secretary of the Interior.

Whether you are a Democrat or a Republican and whether you agree or disagree with Secretary Udall's proposed solution to the water problems of the west, his book on conservation

and the forces that have despoiled the land through the last 300 years, causing poverty, billions upon billions of dollars of waste and contributing to depressions and an "ugly America" is a clarion call to be heard by every person interested in the future of his family and the country.

It is a powerful presentation which should and does destroy the complaisance and euphoria of those who believe the relationship between man and land is in balance and those who believe science of the modern day will solve the problems of conservation of the sea and earth.

Starting with the "Birth of Land Policy" under Thomas Jefferson, Udall describes the constant uphill and many times futile battle of men who saw the fallacy of the Myth of Superabundance. The struggles of Henry Thoreau and the Naturalists, John James Audubon, George Perkins Marsh, Carl Schurz, John Wesley Powell, Gifford Pinchot, John Muir, Presidents Theodore and Franklin Roosevelt and Frederick Law Olmsted to awaken the people are vividly described. Also cited are the many organizations contributing toward the awareness, such as the Sierra Club, Wilderness Society and the Desert Protective Council.

In each case just as the uphill battle was being won, the nation would be plunged into a war, destroying the grounds gained for conservation and planned use of our natural resources.

THE QUIET CRISIS is a vital plea for man to realize and value the power of nature and a warning that

only through a knowledge of ecology can man survive and build a better life. As John Muir stated at the turn of the century:

"Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves."

Published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, the hard bound, 209 page volume is beautifully illustrated with four-color photographs. Price \$5.00.

INDIANS—AS THE WESTERNERS SAW THEM

By Ralph W. Andrews

With an entirely different approach to the subject of Indians, Mr. Andrews has used letters, documents, personal records, manuscripts and stories told by eyewitnesses to describe the true situation which existed between white settlers caught between an inept government policy and the bewildered Indians of the Northern Plains.

An exceptional collection of photos illustrates pole burials and other rarely published customs of the Sioux, Crows, Cheyennes, Oglala and Shoshone tribes. The true story of the Wounded Knee massacre and a surprising slant related to Custer's last stand are among revelations exposed.

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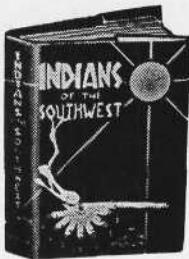
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New Books

ing was practiced by Scythians and he finds a similarity between this practice and that of head shrinking by the Jivaro Indians of Ecuador. In America the custom originally was confined to a limited area of the northeastern states and the lower St. Lawrence region and, contrary to popular opinion, was unknown to Plains Indians until comparatively recent times. In Central and South America, scalping rarely occurred, nor was it practiced in the Canadian Northwest and along the Pacific Coast.

Published by Superior Publishing Company, Seattle, this large, hard cover, 176 page book is \$12.50.

MILLIONS WANT TO By David L. Young

Millions may want to, but not many do. This book is a folksy sojourn into retirement in a trailer. Dave and "Duchess" Young have camped on almost every byway from Florida to Alaska and a few in Mexico too. En route their many friends meander through the book like country roads.

This is not a guide book, although Dave is explicit when it comes to directions. In the kind of country the Youngs cover, last year's jeep trail may be next year's freeway, but their wide-open experiences gained from living in places where money is of no value, where a strong back and friendly smile spells security, and where millions want to—if they dared—will provide the push it takes to cause others to follow.

Published by the Three Flags Publishing Company, this hard back, 192 page book sells for \$5.95.

Continued on Page 31

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BEAST WATCHING

I HAVE ABSOLUTELY nothing against bird-watching. Some of my best friends are bird-watchers. In recent years I have even watched a bird or two myself. But that's all in the past. Now I am a truly dedicated beast-watcher.

It began when we moved to a log cabin in the San Jacinto Mountains and I built a small pool near the kitchen window as a catch basin for the overflow from our spring. Immediately the birds took it over, using it, in the manner of their kind, as both drinking and bathing pool. One evening, having a few table scraps left from dinner, we threw them on a rock back of the pool, thinking the omnivorous and demanding blue jays would enjoy them in the morning. In the morning they were gone, but in a patch of soft sand was the footprint of a raccoon.

And so we became beast-watchers. The back porch light was shifted by a tool-wise neighbor so as to light up the top of the rock and enable us to watch from inside the kitchen window, and henceforth all dinner scraps were carefully saved for whatever wild appetites might savor them.

We know better than to want to make tame animals of wild ones, so from the beginning we determined we would not "feed" them, but only bait them. They must never become dependent upon us. We wanted no animal welfare state on our hands or

on our rather slender pocketbook. No Yosemite garbage bears and deer for us, if you please.

We never had determined which arrived first at the relatively new pond below us made by the damming of a creek that flowed through our property, the frogs or the raccoons. Before the place became a veritable frog paradise there were raccoons, but they were far from common. Once the frogs really took over the raccoons flooded in, in a noble effort, we presume, to help nature establish some sort of balance in the control of what the scientist calls an "exotic", for the bullfrog is certainly not a native of these parts.

In short order the raccoons took over, and they took over us, too. One summer night a group of nine of them suddenly appeared on and around the bait rock to see what hors d'oeuvres might be available. Within a matter of weeks they were evincing an interest in everything that went on inside the house. Two of them even sat on a table outside our livingroom and watched television when the set happened to be turned partially their way. They became far too tame for their own good. Eventually we had to shoo them off while we deposited the evening's viands.

The raccoons that haunted our neck of the woods belied the ancient belief that they wash all food before eating

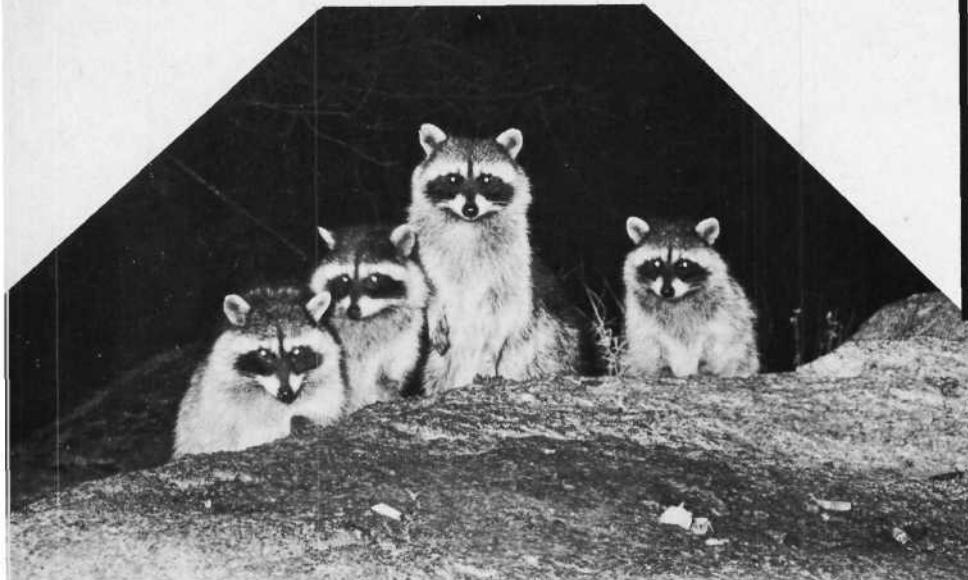
it. Dr. William Woodin of the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum near Tucson tells us that theirs don't either. Their failure to live up to books can not be due to drought, for the small pool at the foot of our food rock is always kept full and they could make use of it easily.

On the other hand, they all go through a strange hand shuffling of all their food before they decide to eat it. As their extremely sensitive and supple hands are working with the food they gaze off into space as if their fingers were telling them more about it than their eyes or nose would, or could.

Come to think of it, one raccoon did wash, or rather soak, his food on one rather embarrassing occasion. I had made a fine husky loaf of whole wheat bread, but I forgot to put the yeast in it. The result was what in texture, solidity, and weight could have passed for an exceptionally well made fire brick. I ventured to put it on the rock. The next morning I found it at the edge of the creek where a wise raccoon had evidently left it to soak over night. It stayed there all that day, but the following morning there was not a wet crumb of it. No harmful effects, so far as we know!

Now not only raccoons come to the bait rock. Foxes, skunks, coyotes, and bobcats have decided there must be something in—no, on—it for them.

By Harry C. James



Although I am not much of a shutter bug, I decided it was time to try for a few pictures. Putting the family camera on an ancient wooden tripod that I felt could withstand being rubbed against by an eager raccoon, I attached a long rubber tube to the shutter release, or whatever that gadget is called, and ran it into the kitchen through a crack in the back door. I was all set—provided that everything worked as the instruction book said it would. It didn't. A few flash bulbs went off and served to scare me more than the animals. The coyotes liked the flash least of all and would stay away for several nights after being subjected to it. The raccoons, though, took the flash bulbs in their stride. It was easy to imagine that they enjoyed being photographed, for frequently they seemed to strike a pose.

In general the behavior of the coyotes and the bobcats is in marked contrast with that of the raccoons. A bobcat wanders in in what appears to be rather bored fashion, as if he had all the time in the world and hunger was never a problem. Often he sniffs over the bait in gourmet style and then with due deliberation selects one morsel which he deigns to eat as leisurely as a true epicure. One evening a large rust-red beauty appeared, stretched, yawned, and proceeded to take a brief snooze, a cat nap, on top of a nearby rock in full view of the kitchen window. That

was one of those nights, of course, when I had no film for the camera.

A coyote always comes alone and usually on a circling run. He snatches up a mouthful of the bait and is off with it before you are even sure that you have seen him. The raccoons rarely come when a coyote is about. They seem able to sense his presence in some way and that night stay home in the hollow of their oak tree or in their rocky cave.

Again, the exception to the rule. One evening a raccoon was enjoying the snack bar when it circled a coyote. The raccoon withdrew, but with no apparent haste. The coyote lingered longer than usual, it seemed, and then was off. The camera and flash were in position, and I was determined to get a picture if he ventured back. He returned within minutes. Just as I squeezed the bulb the raccoon dashed in with ringed tail all-abristle and back up to drive off the coyote. It was a felicitous moment and the ensuing picture caught both of them.

In bird-watching you pretty well know what you may chance to see, but beast-watching holds some great surprises. Now that the scalp fee has been taken off mountain lions, perhaps some night the largest of our cats may wander in to savor our food and, if I am lucky, fall prey to my camera and flash bulb. Beast-watching's all for me! //

*How many girls do you see
in pants? . . . Not enough*



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Choose A Cholla

by
Janice J. Beaty

HAVE YOU ever noticed how certain plants seem to typify certain parts of our country? The coconut palm embodies the tropical rhythm of Hawaii. The stately elm stands for proud New England, and the sturdy cottonwood for the rugged West.

So it is that our own Southwest might be symbolized by a cactus. Not the common prickly pear . . . for it is just as abundant in Florida. Nor the giant saguaro . . . for it is too exclusively Arizona's. But choose a cholla (CHO-yah), and you have the near-perfect symbol.

Like our desert lands, the cholla is forbidding but beautiful. Like them, its value more often lies hidden from all but the most perceptive and persevering. It is common on arid lands, yet distinctively of the Southwest. And its dozens of varieties encompass the many diversities that make up our land of the sun. The creeping Snake Cactus, the fuzzy Teddy Bear and the antlered Staghorn . . . all are chollas.

All the chollas share the special characteristic of the species: cylindrical joints and many branches. Here the similarity ends, for each kind displays its own uniqueness.

With the Pencil Cactus, it is an overabundance of names. Its stems are of course as thin as a pencil. From the diamond-shaped tubercles on these stems comes the name Diamond Cactus. While its long distinctive spines give rise to the title Darning-needle Cactus, its bright scarlet "berries" borne in December dub it Christmas Cactus. The unusual branching of its stems on top in the shape of a cross give it still another label: Holy-cross. *Cylindropuntia leptocaulis* is the Texas-New Mexico-Arizona form, while *C. ramosissima* is its California-Nevada counterpart.

1. STAG HORN CHOLLA (*C. versicolor*) IS A COMMON CHOLLA WITH BLOSSOMS WHICH VARY FROM YELLOW-GREEN TO PURPLE.
2. CANE CHOLLA (*C. spinosior*) IS COVERED WITH DENSE SPINES WHICH PROVIDE PROTECTION FOR THE CACTUS WREN WHOSE NEST IS AT THE TOP OF THE PLANT.
3. PENCIL OR CHRISTMAS CACTUS (*C. Leptocaulis*) IS A STRANGE CHOLLA RESEMBLING A DEAD BUSH UNTIL DECEMBER WHEN ITS RED "BERRIES" BRIGHTEN THE DESERT.
4. SMOOTH CHAIN FRUIT CHOLLA (*Cylindropuntia fulgida* var. *mamillata*) IS THE SAME AS THE CHAIN FRUIT VARIETY, EXCEPT THAT ITS STEMS ARE QUITE SPINELESS. NEW FRUIT GROWS FROM THE ENDS OF OLD FRUIT UNTIL A LONG CHAIN IS FORMED

1.



2.



3.



Dominating the Southwest are the Cane Chollas, also called Staghorn or Buckhorn for their antlered appearance. They may grow to ten feet or more and bear large showy flowers. *C. imbricata* in Texas and New Mexico and *C. spinosior* in Arizona produce yellow fruits that are often mistaken for blossoms at a distance. The large *C. acanthocarpa* of California is an especially attractive plant with its tan-sheathed spines glistening in the desert sun. *C. versicolor* is an outstanding Arizona Staghorn because of its stems which turn red or purple come winter.

Most of these chollas are also noted for the variety in their blooms. Colors range from greenish-yellow to deep purple. One photographer recorded sixty distinct shades from sixty different *C. versicolor* blossoms in a single area.

But largest of all is Arizona's Chain Fruit Cholla, *C. fulgida*. Covering extensive areas between Phoenix and Tucson, it often grows to twelve feet and seems to be weeping in long drooping chains of fruit. Each year its blooms appear on the previous year's fruit and eventually develop into additional links on these strange fruit chains. Because its joints shake off easily, it is considered one of the "Jumping Cactuses."

Most chollas will sprout new plants from any detached joint, but if you plan to start one in your cactus garden, here is a tip: if you plant the joint upright as it would seem natural to do, the resulting chollas may be very stubby. But if planted horizontally the way it would actually land after falling from a parent plant, your cholla will grow a normal trunk.

All chollas have long been notorious for their treacherous spines, and none is a worse offender than the

Desert's TRIP OF THE MONTH

BY RICHARD C. BAILEY



CALIFORNIANS are incurable seekers after the romantic and unusual. This impulse constantly takes them off the beaten path onto terrain so unfamiliar and untrafficked they can occasionally enjoy the feeling that here is a place that "everyone" doesn't know about. Such an area lies in the western Mojave Desert north of Lancaster.

Three miles beyond the Los Angeles County boundary on U.S. 6 a fascinating loop trip swings west from Rosamond to Willow Springs, then north through high desert country up over historic White Oak Pass to Monolith in Tehachapi Valley. Here the route turns east again along U. S. 466 with a slight diversion at Horse Canyon before continuing down grade to Mojave, and south once more via U.S. 6 back to Rosamond.

Rosamond, a small community with a present population of 5,600 people, saw its beginning with the coming of the Southern Pacific Railroad in 1876. According to local lore it was named after the daughter of a railway official whose surname has been lost in the haze of passing years. Another story suggests that the name was derived from Rose Hill, a promontory located east of the present town.

Now the center of a thriving agricultural district, Rosamond's early economy was based on beef cattle and mining. After the foreclosure of a

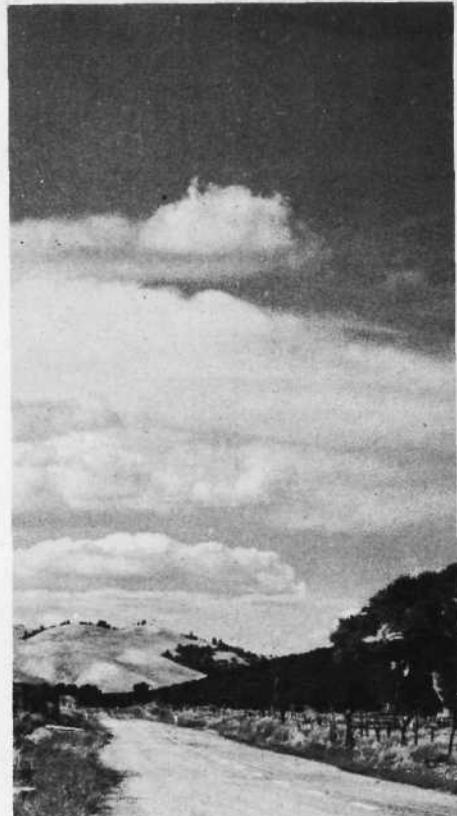
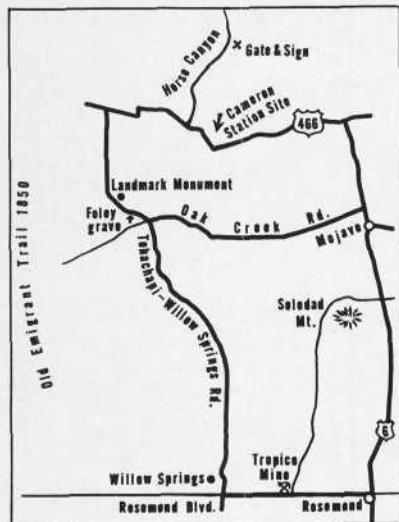
mortgage on the townsite by the owner who had acquired it from the Southern Pacific for \$13,000, the land was given to the Rescue Mission of Los Angeles which gained a clear title to the townsite in 1916. In 1935 the Mission began selling town lots and constructed an adobe church building and parsonage called Wayside Chapel which it presented as an outright gift to the community. One of the early landmarks still standing at the corner of U.S. 6 and Center Street is a frame building built in 1903 by John Stuckey. Now unoccupied and picturesquely weatherbeaten, it housed a general store, postoffice, and hotel.

Four miles west of town on Rosamond Boulevard stands a large sign pointing to the Burton Tropico Mine and Museum, located a half mile north of the highway. Opened in 1958, the sixty year old gold mine is the only such property in California where public tours are conducted regularly. The associated mine museum below the tour area encompasses one of the most unusual assemblage of mining equipment and memorabilia to be found in the West. Also intriguing to visitors are the early Antelope Valley buildings which have been brought to the grounds for preservation. These include a miner's cabin, a blacksmith shop, a rooming house, an assay office, a railroad

depot, and a schoolhouse from Old Palmdale built during the 1880's.

At 90th Street Road, a turn north one mile to Truman Road, then a half mile west again brings historic Willow Springs into view. In pre-white days the area around the springs was the home of a desert Indian tribe of Shoshonean stock. This is evidenced by the numerous burials and artifacts that have been unearthed here over the years. During the halcyon rancho days of Southern California the local water holes were well known to white and Indian rustlers who regarded this as an important way point on the old Horseshoe Trail over which thundered the hooves of thousands of head of stolen ranch stock enroute to their new "owner's" homes in northern California and Nevada.

Prior to this the springs were visited in 1776 by Garces, the Franciscan priest, the first known white man to come this way. Later John Charles Fremont camped here in 1845 during his first western expedition and described the site as a delightful oasis. In the 1860's Willow Springs became a stage and freight stop between Havilah and Los Angeles, and a decade later wagons hauling silver bullion



from the Coso Mines in Inyo County pulled in for layovers on the long haul across the desert.

Then in 1895 Ezra Hamilton who operated a pottery in Los Angeles came here in search of clay. In addition to finding the clay he sought he also found gold in a mine named by him the Lida on Tropico Hill near the present mine museum. With his new found wealth Hamilton purchased Willow Springs and erected the numerous stone buildings and corrals, most of which still stand.

Willow Springs is now a state registered historic landmark and an attractive stone monument can be seen among the trees near the original springs. Picnicking is permitted but souvenir hunters and vandals are definitely discouraged by the Nelson family who have owned the property in recent years.

Returning to 90th Street Road, the route continues north to Oak Creek Pass where old ranch houses and corrals may be seen on either hand, most of them surrounded by magnificent cottonwoods. Near the intersection of Oak Creek and Cameron Roads on a small eminence stands a white picket fence surrounding a grave plot. Affixed to the fence is a plaque which

reads, "James Henry Foley, Born April 1, 1841, Missouri, Died February, 1863, Oak Creek, California." According to a local account, the young man, member of a party of immigrants, was stricken by small pox while enroute to the San Joaquin and was buried in this lonely spot by his companions.

An additional two miles of twisting loops brings the traveler to the summit of Oak Creek Pass where a state landmark plaque relates that this was the most traveled route through the Tehachapi Mountains until the completion of the railroad in 1876. From here there is a magnificent view of Tehachapi Valley, the realm of cattle and sheep barons during the last century. The fifteen mile long by seven mile wide basin is now a nationally known agricultural seed producing area as well as the home of a revitalized fruit industry that first began during the 1880's. Overhead the silent swoop of gliders are modern reminders that this also is a training site for America's astronauts who are here learning modern reentry techniques following their flights into the stratosphere.

At the downhill intersection with U.S. 178 our course bends east a short distance to Monolith, site of the cement plant from which the name is derived.

Less than two miles east on the south side of the highway lies Proctor Lake, formerly known as Narboe Lake. During the 1880's large quantities of nearly pure salt was raked from its surface and removed on crude wooden sledges pulled by oxen. In later years considerable commercially valuable clay and lime was extracted from the lake bed.

A half mile east of the lake Sand Canyon Road branches in from the north. An excellent oiled pavement winds several miles into the mountains to an intersection where Horse Canyon enters on the right.

A short distance up Horse Canyon the road is blocked by a wooden gate. Beyond this point the canyon is privately leased. For a nominal fee rock-hounds can search for Horse Canyon moss agates and other gemstones for which the canyon is renowned. The site received its name shortly after 1900 when fossilized remains of three-toed horses were unearthed here. Additional finds included the bones of prehistoric cats, camels, and antelope, all denizens of the area during the middle Miocene when the canyon was part of an arid plain.

Returning to U.S. 466 the road follows a downgrade through Cache Creek Canyon to Mojave, itself a creation of the Southern Pacific Railroad which established its shops here in 1876. By reason of its unique location the community was successively a rail terminus of the famed Death

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TRIP OF THE MONTH

Valley 20-mule team borax outfits during the 1880's, a supply town for a mining boom of the 1890's, and construction headquarters for the builders of the Los Angeles Aqueduct from 1904-1912. Today it is a city of attractive homes and center of a rapidly expanding industrial complex that has sprung up in recent years. As can be guessed, the city takes its name from the desert and the Indian nation that once roamed this vast domain.

Rising out of the desert west of U.S. 6 five miles south of Mojave, Soledad Mountain is an imposing landmark. This sprawling brown eminence, over 4000 feet high, has been the scene of a frantic search for gold and silver during the past seventy years.

Another ten miles south of U.S. 6 our circuitous trip ends with the return to Rosamond, our starting point. Including the diversion up Horse Canyon the mileage totals 68 miles. This is a "trek" comfortably negotiable by standard automobiles over excellent paved roads. Despite the ease of access it is a region replete with the authentic flavor of the Pioneer West interspersed with evidences of modern industrial growth. As the popular saying goes, "There is something here for everyone." ///

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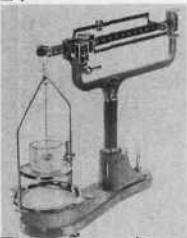
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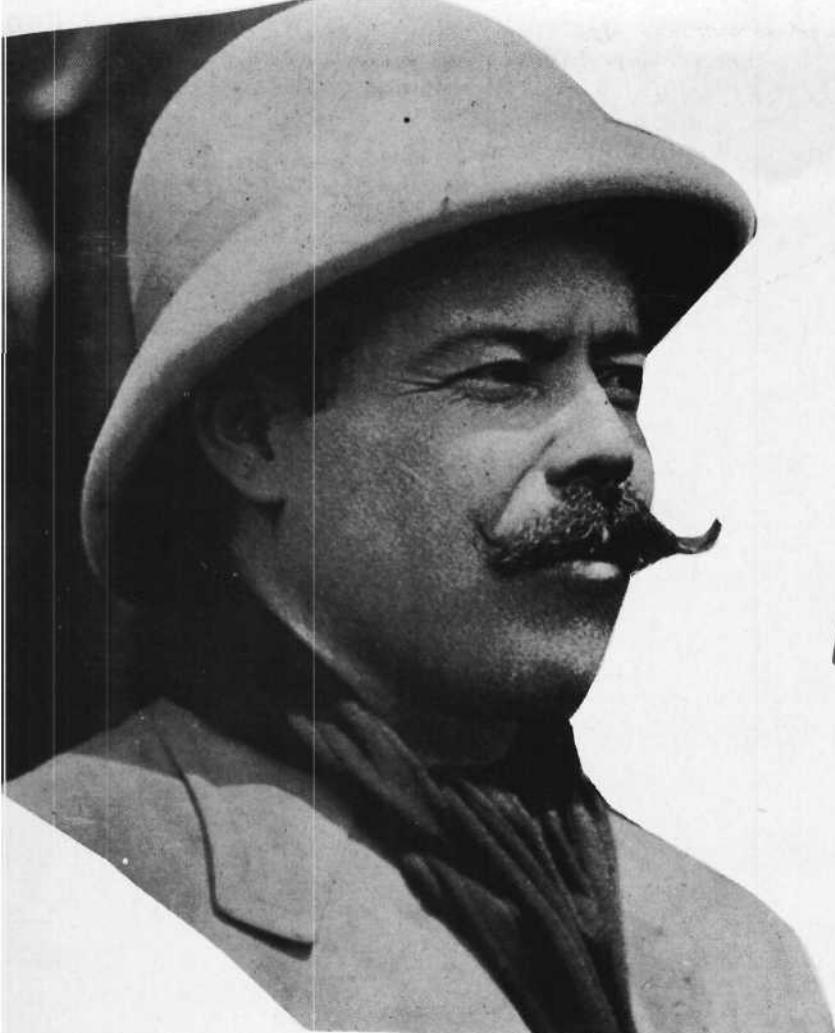
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PANCHO VILLA

HERO or VILLAIN?

By W. Thetford Le Viness

A New Mexico town, once destroyed by Villa, now recognizes him as a hero and capitalizes on his infamous name.

PANCHO VILLA, leader of the only armed forces to invade the mainland United States since the War of 1812, is now a hero in Columbus, New Mexico, the little town on the Mexican border that was raided.

Nation-wide, of course, the outlaw's reputation isn't as bad as it was in the days just preceding World War I, when he terrorized all Mexico and frightened U. S. citizens from San Diego to Brownsville. And much change of heart at the scene of the raid has been whipped up by the Columbus Development Board, a real estate enterprise scarcely five years old. Its promoters are merely capitalizing on the very real legend that Villa has become.

The firm operates a Pancho Villa motel and museum. There is a Pancho Villa cantina in the town, and the 1959 New Mexico legislature created a Pancho Villa State Park. On May 5, 1963—Mexican Independence Day—the bandit leader's widow, Doña Luz Corral de Villa, at cere-

monies in the park, was made an honorary citizen of Columbus and the state of New Mexico.

There are old-timers in this border community who remember vividly the events of March 9, 1916—the night of terror when 16 of their fellow townsmen lost their lives. Understandably, a few are vociferous in opposing adulation of the man they hold responsible. But by and large Villa's reputation has run the gauntlet of public opinion, in Columbus and elsewhere. To many he is a popular idol, a sort of Mexican Robin Hood who robbed the rich and gave to the poor. The assassin's bullets that ended his life on July 30, 1923, have even surrounded him with the aura of martyrdom.

Few in either Mexico or the United States would have prophesied a hero's role for Villa. In his heyday he was the scourge of Mexican landowners, of law and order wherever his bandit gangs would ride. To a point, he was successful; he actually assumed the republic's presidency for

a few months in 1914-15, but he never won diplomatic approval. The strength of other revolutionaries, coupled with dissension in his own ranks, forced his retirement on a ranch in southern Chihuahua state, but while he lived there were rumors of a comeback.

Fatally shot by a former cohort on a busy street corner of Hidalgo del Parral, a town near the state line of his native Durango, he was buried not far from the ambush. A few nights later, the body was dug up and decapitated. The severed head was never found.

Born thus of gruesome incident, the Pancho Villa legend took root and grew. In Chihuahua City, a Villa mausoleum was built entirely by public subscription—"with the pennies of the poor who loved him," the sentimentalists said. Since then the widow has petitioned every Mexican president to have the headless corpse reburied there.

The government has not granted her request. Mexico is still a country



ABOVE: PANCHO VILLA AND HIS FIRST AND ONLY LEGITIMATE WIFE, MARIA LUZ CORRAL VILLA. BELOW: VAULT OF COLUMBUS STATE BANK STILL CONTAINS BULLET HOLE MADE DURING RAID BY MEXICAN REVOLUTIONIST PANCHO VILLA BUT THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL, BURNED BY VILLISTAS DURING THE MARCH 9, 1916 RAID, IS REMEMBERED ONLY BY OLDTIMERS.



of sharp social contrast, and an honorable grave for Villa might become a rallying point for future revolution.

Recently, officialdom has relented a bit. An equestrian statue of the outlaw now dominates the circle of an important intersection in Chihuahua City, in a neighborhood of spanking new buildings and tree-lined boulevards.

The Villa reputation has fared a lot better in the United States. Soon after the Columbus raid, President Wilson sent the so-called "punitive expedition" to Mexico—to capture Villa and end border frights. Gen. John J. Pershing was placed in command. Motorized units, the first ever used by the U. S. Army, went by train to Columbus, then took off over muddy, rock-strewn trails in Mexico. Crude flying machines helped maintain supply lines in the Chihuahua desert—the first time aircraft appeared under combat conditions anywhere.

The campaign was a fiasco. Villa, sought by enemies in his own country, as well, was never caught. U. S. prestige in Latin-America hit an all-time low when German propagandists plugged the expedition as "Yankee intervention."

Home folks mentioned "intervention" too—but they meant U.S. participation in the war in Europe. The *Lusitania* had been sunk, and there were other acts of German piracy at sea. Moreover, it was an election year, and many opposed Wilson's reelection.

They called the Mexican venture a farce, and urged preparedness for the bigger conflict overseas. Early in 1917, the troops in Chihuahua were recalled. The "punitive expedition" had punished no one. Within the year, Gen. Pershing and his doughboys landed in France.

Pancho Villa was all but forgotten as the nation went to war against Germany. The Mexican outlaw had no place in the Argonne Forest, at Chateau-Thierry, or around the peace table at Versailles. Neither was he involved in debates over great U.S. post-war issues—the League of Nations, prohibition, or woman suffrage.

The assassination, however, set off a new wave of interest in the bandit leader. And a change in the popular image was noted immediately.

No longer was he merely "Pancho" Villa, the swashbuckling, comic-opera brigand of border banditry. Almost overnight he became "Gen. Francisco Villa"—gone somehow respect-

able, now that there was no reason to fear him.

The legend flowered; the dead bandit was a good bandit. Villa was the lowly one who had risen, by sheer deeds of spectacular boldness, to the highest office in his native land. And with a few ragged followers, he'd defied the armed might of the United States! The German Kaiser, born to the throne and with all his legions, had boasted he would do as much—but he didn't.

So Villa the Mexican, Villa the border terrorist, Villa, the nation's enemy of only the decade before, in death held the spotlight with the world's fabulous figures of the Roaring Twenties. The pulps and the Sunday supplements played it up big. Now lay his mortal remains, or what was left of them, in a crowded cemetery in a small city not far from his humble birthplace—unsung, and for the most part ignored, by the country he'd sought to reform.

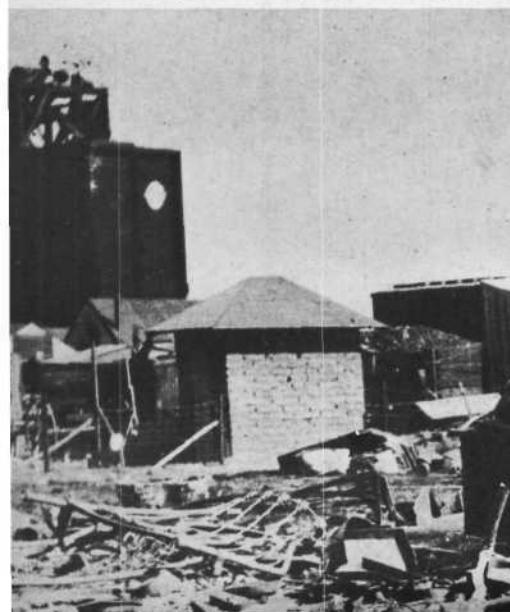
Villa would have loved it! Despised all his life as a bandit, he won the widespread posthumous appraisal: reformer. He had died a victim of treachery in an age that admired fair play and glorified the underdog.

Hollywood added to the tale—a romantic twist, to be sure. Villa on film was the irresistible charmer, with a girl left stranded in every cantina. So strong did this part of the legend become that in the late '30s dancing girls from the Spanish Southwest would appear as far away as New York's Greenwich Village, billed as Pancho Villa's "natural daughter."

The claim was a publicity stunt. Why there weren't any "natural sons" and why all the dozen or so girls became dancers seem not to have been questioned at the time.

Meanwhile Doña Luz came out of mourning and began her long struggle for public approval of her late husband's life and deeds. She established a museum in his military headquarters, where she still lives in Chihuahua City. Guns and other relics of his career are displayed there. His desk and chair are placed just as they were when he last used them. In the patio is the open touring car in which he was riding when the assassin struck; bullet holes may be seen in the rear and on one side.

Doña Luz has exhibited this car, stripped of its tires and with vital engine parts missing, in many cities of Mexico and the United States, raising money for the Chihuahua museum. She speaks some English, and



with her poise and dignity gives short talks wherever she goes. Her devotion to Villa's memory does much to dispel the worst that Hollywood and the false daughters have done to his reputation.

The stage was set, then, as the real estate development began in Columbus. Famous or infamous, Villa was the town's most prominent figure; it seemed not illogical to use him in any way that would bring attention to the border vicinity.

There were obstacles, of course. "Why name a park for a bandit?" solons in Santa Fe asked when the suggestion came up in the New Mexico legislature. But some took a new look at history; they quoted a biographer who said that, anyhow, Villa didn't lead the Columbus raid—that he was miles away at the time and didn't know what others in his gang were up to. And others said that, bad as Villa may have been, there were many points of interest in New Mexico associated with an even more villainous character—Billy the Kid.

Proponents prevailed. On March 9, 1959, forty-three years to the day after sixteen were slain at Columbus, Gov. John Burroughs signed the bill authorizing the Pancho Villa State Park in that border community.

The park was dedicated by Gov. Edwin L. Mechem on Nov. 11, 1961—to choose Veteran's Day was another touch of irony. One of the park's attractions is a concrete grease rack, built by the U. S. Army to service its automotive equipment in the days of the "punitive expedition." When this exhibit was announced by park officials, the Santa Fe *New Mexican* poured forth editorially:

"It's going to take a long time to forgive the state legislature for cramming a park dedicated to a notorious killer down the public throat. Having the park feature a grease rack puts icing on the cake."

By that gala Mexican Independence Day last year, however, the protests had all but subsided. Gov. Jack M. Campbell, New Mexico's third chief executive to go along with Columbus's publicity campaign, was on hand to give Villa's widow state citizenship.

Doña Luz accepted the honor gracefully, and in return gave several items which had belonged to her late husband to the Pancho Villa museum there. Delegations came from Las Palomas, across the border in Mexico's Chihuahua state, to join in the celebration. //



ABOVE: SOLDIERS OF THE 13TH CAVALRY LOAD BODIES OF SOLDIERS KILLED WHILE FIGHTING PANCHO VILLA. ON AUGUST 24, 1914, VILLA WAS THE BIGGEST NAME IN MEXICO. HERE THE VICTORIOUS GENERAL VILLA WAS PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE BEING ENTERTAINED AT FORT BLISS BY GENERAL PERSHING, THE RANKING AMERICAN OFFICER IN THE EL PASO AREA. AT LEFT IS GENERAL OBREGON. BELOW: PANCHO VILLA MUSEUM USED TO BE BAR AND BROTHEL WHEN U.S. TROOPS WERE STATIONED IN COLUMBUS. TODAY LOCAL MOTELS, RESTAURANTS AND A PARK ARE NAMED AFTER THE NOTORIOUS MEXICAN WHO ONCE VANQUISHED THE TOWN. MANY OLDTIMERS RESENT CAPITALIZING ON HIS NAME.



SIBERIAN RED'S

I WISH THE late Charlie Russell were here now to refresh my memory about the lost Siberian Red gold ledge, but I well remember the consequences that followed—that happened to me—in my futile search for it. No one need jog my memory about slipping on loose rock, almost tumbling over a precipice, being bitten by a rattler, exhaustion and dehydration. It's planted in my memory deep and everlasting. As for the legend itself, I'll do the best I can without my old prospector friend here to prompt me.

Back in 1929, Siberian Red and his partner, whose name I can't recall, were traveling in Panamint Valley en route to Shoshone. After some deliberation, they decided to try a short cut by traversing directly across the treacherous Panamint Range. Two months later their macabre figures were sighted several miles outside of Shoshone, more dead than alive. Taken in and cared for by townspeople, they were soon up and around and eventually went into a small business of their own. A year or two later one of the partners, rummaging through their old equipment, found

the bag of ore samples they'd picked up during their trip across the Panamints. Suddenly his eyes lighted. Gold! "At least \$15,000 a ton," the assayer said. Of course that figure is doubled today, with the price of gold at \$35 a troy ounce instead of \$16.

Inviting visions of yachts, mansions and trips around the world, the old prospectors made hasty preparations for a return trip, retracing their exact steps. Five months later they retreated back to Shoshone, empty handed. A huge landslide had buried two of their burros and they were fortunate to escape with their lives. Before they could replenish provisions, however, death claimed one of the partners.

The remaining one, Siberian Red, decided to continue the search by himself, not trusting anyone else to go along. Six months later he was picked up on a range near Ballarat, fever-ridden and emaciated; insane with the frustration of failure. Still clutching his fabulous ore sample, he passed away.

When I first heard this story my

spine tingled and I knew I was sunk. I had to go and do a little searching on my own. Old Charlie advised me to go to the ghost town of Ballarat and find "Seldom Seen Slim." Any further information would have to come from him.

Two weeks later, with my jeep packed, I took off. Traveling over the beautiful Mojave Desert, through Randsburg, Johannesburg and Trona, I finally rested on the top of Slate Range—the gateway to the Panamints and Death Valley. Below stretched the great Panamint Valley with a narrow ribbon of road cutting across Panamint Dry Lake, leading right into Ballarat.

This once proud and roaring mining town now consists of a few ramshackle shacks and adobe huts pummeled into the earth by scorching rays of hot sun. On one side of town is a bullet-riddled sign reading "Boot-hill." Here lie the unmarked resting places of prospectors and mining men, bad men and good who, true to the tradition of the West, died wearing their boots. In the background, towering Panamint Range looms with



LOST LEDGE

BY CARL MACUR

its fury of treacherous, massive peaks. It is often said, in soft, awesome whispers, that the Panamint holds more bleached bones in its bosom than Boothill. Well, I wasn't going to be one of them, but lordy, it seemed that you had to be a mountain goat to get up there!

After twisting and turning down a steep road for five miles, I spotted a weathered sign reading, "Ballarat—4.4 miles." At an old shack called "Panamint Shorty's Museum," I obtained directions for finding Seldom Seen Slim.

As luck would have it, he was in his shack. Seated on its stoop, I recounted the story old Charlie had told me and asked Slim to take it from there.

Until Siberian Red died, his babble jargon was more consistent than understandable, but Seldom Seen heard his last words. However, as mountain-wise as Slim is, Red's directions haven't produced the lost ledge.

"Twelve miles south—Redlands Canyon—Manley Peak—west slope—

concrete-like rock." That's the message Seldom Slim made out.

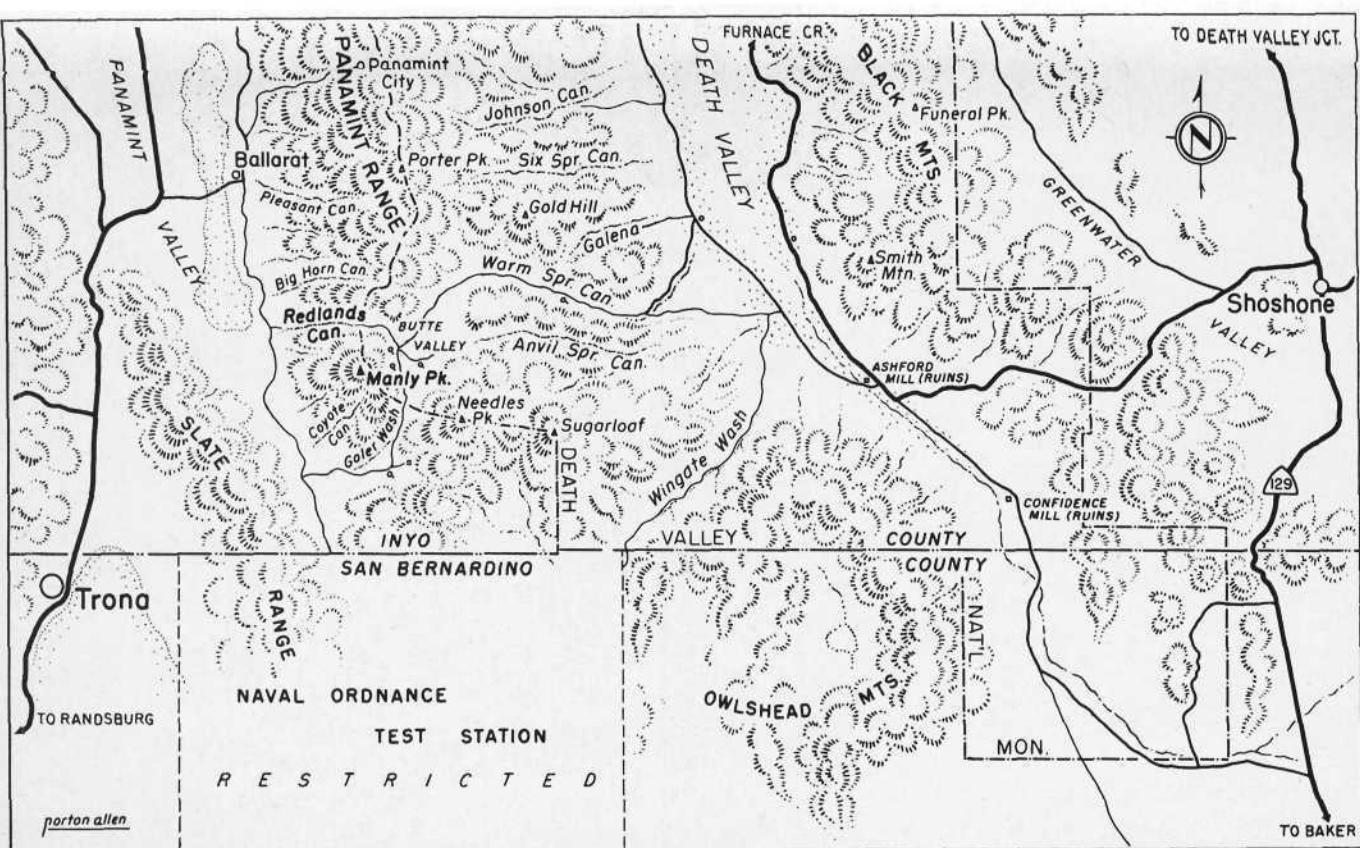
"Maybe with these directions a fresh, young mind can find it," Slim suggested. "Sometimes us old-timers know the country so well we overlook the obvious."

After four hours of driving and hiking in those general directions, I concluded that the only way to find the ledge was to pack in and stay. In this terrain, I could readily see where Slim got his name. Once here you'd be fortunate to be "seen again," not only "seldom seen." However, I was determined to try, and try I did. Month after month, year after year. Then wearying of doing it solo, I acquired a partner by the name of Ray—a greenhorn, but young, willing and strong.

On our first trip together we were on the way up the mountain to drill and dynamite a "suspect" area I had previously discovered when, overburdened with 125 pounds of equipment, I slipped and fell, cutting my knees on the iron-stained fault. Instinctively, I grabbed a drill balanced on my

SEDOM SEEN SLIM, FAMOUS DEATH VALLEY PROSPECTOR, IS HARD TO FIND, BUT CALLS THE GHOST TOWN OF BALLARAT A SOMETIME HOME.





shoulder with my right hand and slapped my left hand on the corner of a boulder. A triangular head and a sharp needling pain simultaneously hit my palm where the hand meets the wrist. I was electrified with fear. A rattler had bitten me.

Fortunately, most of the venom flowed on the top of my hand. Regaining composure, I sluiced water over the bite and Ray, after disposing of the snake, made the incisions, applied the tourniquet and the suction

cup. With no measurable ill effects I made my way down the mountain to the jeep. As Ray raced toward Trona, a tingling began in my finger tips and, like a flame, seared a path up my arm toward my heart. Furiously applying the suction cup and re-cutting my hand to force it to bleed faster and heavier, I watched my arm swell. The throbbing increased and then nausea gripped me as we raced up the black slate range into Trona. Faintly I remember a nurse, a doc-

tor and a dull puncture—barely in time.

For the year following that fiasco I thought I'd learned my lesson, but since then I've been back time and time again, each time with fresh hope and faith that this one would be it. And I'll continue to go back, time and time again.

Panamint Shorty still has his museum in Ballarat. You may recall reading in your paper about his discovery of two skeletons in one of the caves high in the Panamints, together with a cache of rifles, fifteen and a half pounds of melted Spanish gold coins, a gold snuff box, and some coins dating back to the Civil War era. He has them on display along with an assortment of ore samples found in the Panamints.

And Seldom Seen Slim continues to be seldom seen, but he's there, if you're lucky enough to catch him—one of the few true remaining prospectors of the old mining days.

Boothill remains, along with remnants of the once prosperous, fast-living town of Ballarat. Bring your sleeping bag. Stay the night. A word or two of caution, though—if you're going into the Panamints, leave a timetable with "Shorty," just in case, and bring plenty of water.

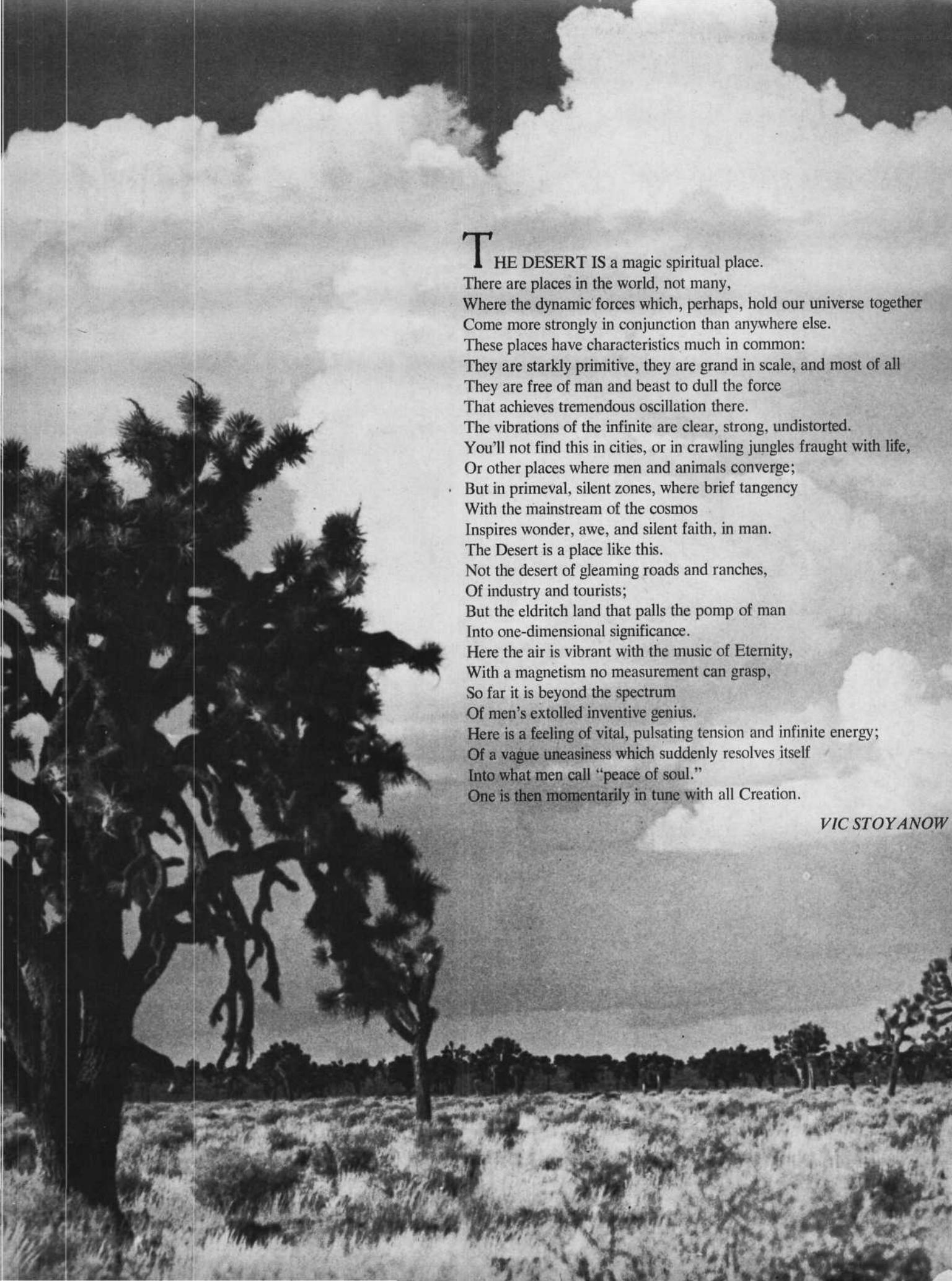
Maybe you'll be the one to find Siberian Red's lost ledge and cause the ghost town of Ballarat to live again. Or maybe I'll be the one. Who knows? //

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There are places in the world, not many,
Where the dynamic forces which, perhaps, hold our universe together
Come more strongly in conjunction than anywhere else.
These places have characteristics much in common:
They are starkly primitive, they are grand in scale, and most of all
They are free of man and beast to dull the force
That achieves tremendous oscillation there.
The vibrations of the infinite are clear, strong, undistorted.
You'll not find this in cities, or in crawling jungles fraught with life,
Or other places where men and animals converge;
But in primeval, silent zones, where brief tangency
With the mainstream of the cosmos
Inspires wonder, awe, and silent faith, in man.
The Desert is a place like this.
Not the desert of gleaming roads and ranches,
Of industry and tourists;
But the eldritch land that palls the pomp of man
Into one-dimensional significance.
Here the air is vibrant with the music of Eternity,
With a magnetism no measurement can grasp,
So far it is beyond the spectrum
Of men's extolled inventive genius.
Here is a feeling of vital, pulsating tension and infinite energy;
Of a vague uneasiness which suddenly resolves itself
Into what men call "peace of soul."
One is then momentarily in tune with all Creation.

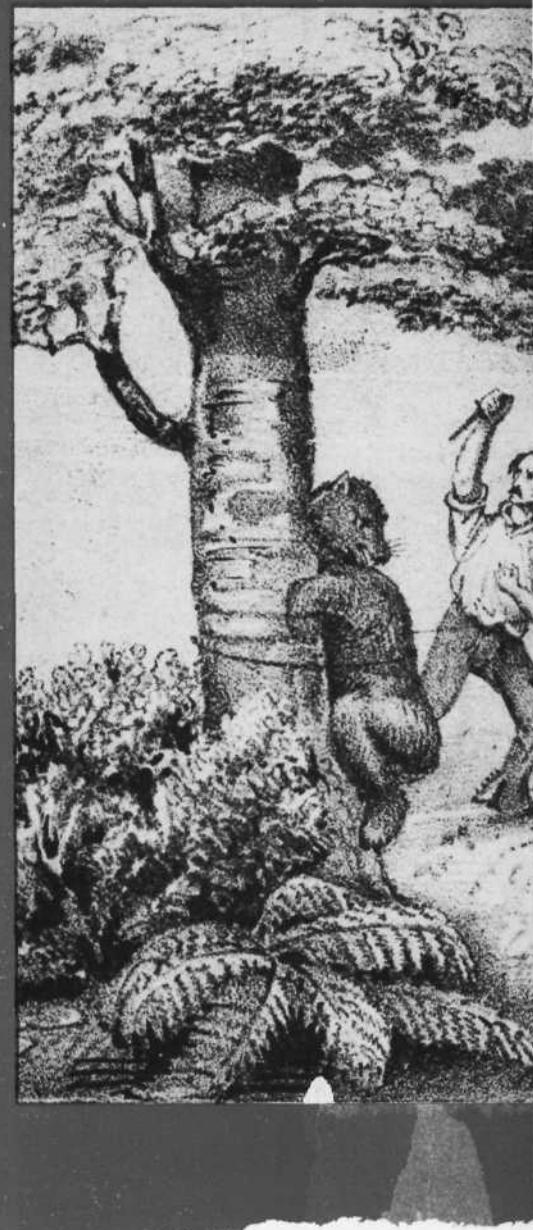
VIC STOYANOW

Of all famous rides in American history, including that of Paul Revere, Juan Flaco's little known secret mission in California brings credit for the most heroic ride to the West.

Juan FLACO'S Fantastic Ride

BY

Gary L. & Raymond W.
ROBERTS & THORP



Captain Archibald Gillespie, U.S.N., was faced with a dilemma on the afternoon of September 24, 1846, as he looked up from the document which lay on his desk. The manuscript had been delivered only a few minutes earlier by a ragged girl carrying a flag of truce. The paper was entitled *Pronunciamiento de Varillas y otros Californias contra los Americanos*. In plain English all this fancy language could be boiled down to three very meaningful words: "Yanquis, go home!"



Gillespie rose wearily from his chair, strode to the window and gazed out at the slim garrison of only fifty men quartered atop Fort Hill in the city of Los Angeles. From the window he could hear the howling mob at the foot of the hill. The reasons for this insubordination were carefully outlined in explicit detail in the document he had been studying.

No one knew better than Gillespie that the insurrection was both timely and justifiable. His superiors, Commodore Stockton and General Fre-

mont, had captured the village of Los Angeles on August 13, 1846, without firing a shot. Then, after loitering for three weeks, they had taken their forces and departed—Stockton by sea to Yerba Buena and Fremont overland to Monterey. It was this tactical blunder that created a situation whereby the Mexicans could soon retake all of California.

The Commodore, an ambitious and arrogant man, had blithely remarked that it was possible for him to go overland and meet General

Taylor at the gates of Mexico now that California had been secured. Gillespie realized that he had been left in the lurch because of the blunder of his superiors. But his own record was not spotless either for, at various times, he had arrested some of the leading citizens of Los Angeles and held them for conspiracy on very slim evidence.

The commanders had marched away on September 2, and, during the interim, hatred toward the usurping gringos had deepened. No help

was nearer than Monterey and the Captain was certain that only one man could deliver a message to the Commodore quickly. He turned from the window, summoned his orderly, and commanded, "Get Juan Flaco in here."

The man who opened the slab door and entered the room a few minutes later was tall and lean with a wispy mustache and ragged blonde hair which fell about his shoulders. He was dressed entirely in closefitting buckskin and wore beaded doeskin moccasins. A long thin-bladed Bowie knife in a leather sheath hung from his waist. Because of his slender build he was known as *Juan Flaco* or "Gaunt John." Gillespie was well acquainted with his long and adventurous history.

Born Johann Braunesson in Sweden in the year 1799, he had left home for a life of adventure when only fifteen years old. After spending four years in the British navy and three years in the Portuguese navy, he became a landlubber. He fought for Simon Bolivar and participated in several other South American revolutions. Captured by General Flores in an action at New Granada in 1828 he had been sentenced to death but escaped to California as a stowaway in a Mexican vessel. In 1836 he fought for Governor Alvarado, in 1844 he espoused the cause of Michelmorena, and now he was a courier for the Americans.

Gillespie came to the point immediately, "How quickly can you ride to Monterey, Juan?"

"Three days if I can find horses," replied the courier. "And if I can borrow Sam Hensley's saddle," he added with a grin. Lieutenant Sam Hensley owned a silver-mounted saddle, complete with trappings, which he had secured in a skirmish with the Mexicans.

The disturbed officer was not interested in the mechanics of the ride. He gave Juan a package of cigarettes each stamped with the words "Believe the Bearer" and fifty dollars in currency. "I'll make out a voucher for \$500, Juan," he added. "I know you can do it. The *cigaritos* should help you secure mounts."

Juan left the office and immediately spread a tale that he was fearful of the Mexicans and planned to desert the Americans that night. A good actor, he soon alienated many of his friends.

A few minutes before 8 p.m., he saddled his horse, a light dun stallion. Juan carried no firearms, first

because of the extra weight and then because his mission was secret and he dared not allow the report of a gun to divulge his whereabouts at any time. He knew that the American hold on California was at best ephemeral and bands of Mexican lancers scoured the country from San Diego to San Francisco. His Bowie knife, spurs, sixty-foot horsehair lariat, and bag of food weighed less than five pounds, enough weight for any horseman, who might be set afoot at any moment, to carry overland. When all was ready, Juan mounted his horse and called to John Temple to open the gate. For some unexplained reason, Temple apparently forgot the secrecy of the mission and shouted to the sentinel, "Don't shoot the man on the white horse." A pack of barking dogs further announced his ride. A small band of Mexicans overhearing the commotion charged after him.

From the beginning the lithe horseman raced for his life. Down on the level he reined his racing mount to the left, crossed the Calle del Toro and rounded the *plaza de los toros*, the great pit where wild bulls were matched against grizzly bears in deadly combat.

In a long account of the trip written at the behest of his friend, Thomas Larkin, American consul at Monterey, Juan wrote:

"It was now coming on dusk, and I heard a wild scream behind me, and knew that one of my pursuers and his horse had slipped into the pit, which was 12 feet in depth. I hoped the *oso gris* (grizzly) was not there to receive them. I came to the edge of a deep gully, 13 feet in width, leaped my horse across it, and felt the wings of death around me as they fired their *escopetas*. They turned back now and left me to myself, as none of their mounts could make the jump."

Slowing his horse to a trot to avoid awakening the countryside, Juan rode about two miles further when suddenly his animal dropped dead in its tracks. Springing clear, Juan found, that a bullet had entered the left flank of the horse, clear evidence that at least one of the Mexicans had been armed with a rifle.

Only four miles from the fort, Juan removed the fancy saddle from the horse, hung it in the crotch of an oak tree and began to run. The nearest rancho was 27 miles away.

The flying moccasined feet of "Gaunt John" spurned the ground in long strides. He had foreseen some such misfortunes before starting and

was glad that he *carried little weight*. With 27 miles to go and over rough country, including the Santa Monica Mountains, his feet had to carry him twice the distance ridden by the storied Paul Revere, amid additional hazards.

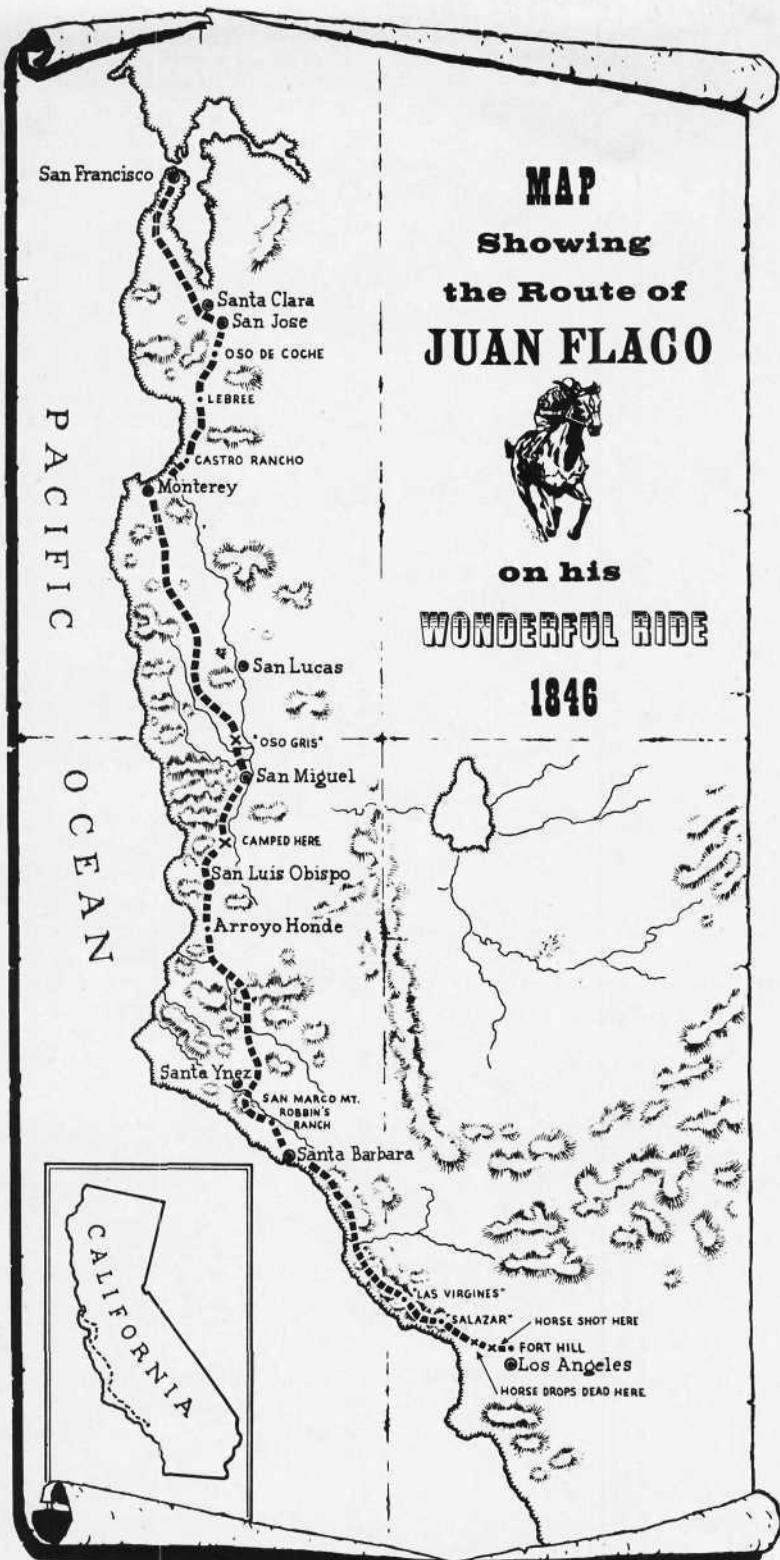
Entering the mountains, he ran down long glades and through rocky canyons, selecting his route so as to save time. Ahead to his left, he saw a clump of white oak trees and to his right three large sycamores growing close together. As he passed between them a gunshot split the air. As the bullet whistled past his head, he threw himself into the clump of oaks. Peering out, he saw a white ball climbing the trunk of a sycamore and recognized it as the smoke from the discharge. "Who is it who shoots at Juan Flaco, a harmless man?" he shouted.

There was a grunt from behind the middle tree and Juan heard the butt of a musket strike the ground. "Salaza es el unico que mira en las Santa Monicas!" Elated to learn that the man was alone, Juan was planning his next move when Salazar's head appeared from behind the tree as he reached for the musket that had slipped from his hand. Juan's lariat snaked outward and lashed about Salazar's neck. With a quick jerk he pulled the Mexican into the dirt and was upon him in a flash. The knife struck home. Blood spurted as Juan stood back to watch the Mexican die.

An hour before daylight Juan arrived at the Rancho Las Virgenes, owned by Domingo Dominguez. The long footrace had exhausted him, but he knew that in order to obtain a fresh horse he would have to resort to trickery. Dominguez, of course, supported the rebellion against Gillespie. Juan claimed to have been robbed by a Frenchman whom he was pursuing, knowing that the French were always in the bad graces of the Mexicans. When his host asked him the whereabouts of his horse, Juan said that a grizzly had frightened the animal away while he was tightening the cinch. Dominguez believed the story and, in the words of Juan, "gave me a horn of good brandy, awakened his wife and she cooked me a breakfast of scrambled eggs."

Juan watched the solicitous Dominguez carefully, fearing that he might be recognized. Juan had to have a horse, even if he had to kill for one. Dominguez was much too agreeable for that, however.

Dominguez had as a guest a Bostonian named Tom Lewis who had



MAP
Showing
the Route of
JUAN FLACO



on his

WONDERFUL RIDE

1846

wandered up the coast and worn out his welcome. Seeing this as a chance to get Lewis off his rancho, Dominguez suggested that the two men ride together in search of the robber as a measure of precaution. Juan agreed, and the pair left at sunrise. About halfway to Santa Barbara, Lewis realized that they were not racing to apprehend a thief and asked Juan the purpose of their haste.

Juan later wrote that Lewis was armed with a rifle. "With my hand on my knife I told him the truth and learned that he, too, was an American and a true man."

A true man did not make a true horseman, however, and Juan, hoping to reach Santa Barbara in time to secure another mount and continue on that night, was far ahead of the Easterner when he reached the Am-

erican outpost. At the very gate of the compound his horse dropped dead and he was forced to rest until morning. Lewis came in two hours later.

Captain Talbot, the commandant, arose at daybreak and Juan gave him one of the cigarettes, in return receiving mounts for himself and Lewis. The two rode away at sunrise. "I told the captain to keep a close mouth," Juan wrote, "as there were lancers about and he had but fifteen men."

When the sun was high the riders entered the wild oats country, the great San Luis Obispo plain. From atop San Marcos Mountain, Juan saw the sun glinting on weapons of the Mexican lancers as they curbed their horses and returned toward Santa Barbara, evidently unable to keep up the pace. He and Lewis obtained fresh horses at the rancho of an American, Captain Robbins, who was given one of the *cigaritos* and told of the long ride and its purpose.

The speeding horses passed to the right of Santa Inez. When darkness came, Juan and his companion arrived at Arroyo Hondo, owned by M. Buron, a Frenchman. Another cigarette changed hands, fresh mounts were secured, and they continued on until 11:00, when they stopped to rest. The next morning Juan's companion was too ill to rise. Juan gave him \$20, placed his rifle close by, and raced on his way, actually relieved to be free again, as his new friend slowed his pace. The country grew more rolling now and Juan urged his horse into a dead run to make up for lost time.

The morning was half gone when Juan saw ahead of him a clump of large white oaks. Urging his horse toward them he intended to rest in their cool shade, although he knew this was the time of day grizzlies would be among them grubbing for roots and eating acorns. However, he anticipated no trouble. In this wild region it was doubtful that they had ever seen a two-legged creature.

His surmise proved correct for there were five bears beneath the trees. Wasting no time, he spurred his horse and raced round and round the trees, waving his lariat and shouting.

The bears watched curiously for a moment and then four of them trotted northward, soon disappearing among the manzanita. The fifth bear, a great male animal, stood its ground, snarling and standing upright on its hind feet. Juan halted his mount, made a three-foot loop in the lariat

(Continued on Page 36)



BOTTLES BOTTLES EVERYWHERE

A FEVER EXPERIENCED in gold rush days flares today as men, women and children take to the hills in quest of old bottles. Modern pioneers, searching for the homesites of our ancestors, have found that when man moved to the West he seems to have occupied every valley and built a dwelling up every canyon.

Today little remains of many of those early encampments, other than a few rocks piled in a straight line to indicate foundations of buildings, and the garbage dump. Fortunately for collectors, these frugal Americans discarded promiscuously the one object which in the future could become a precious artifact—the glass bottle.

Interest in accumulating such antiques from debris began about ten years ago when a few imaginative couples, searching for sun-tinted purple bottles, expanded their interests to include old bottles of every size, shape and color. This proved

such a fascinating challenge, and inaugurated such a surprising collection, that they raised their sites to a collection containing every kind of bottle known to the early West.

At first they explored the dumps of the large mining communities. The once opulent life of Tonopah, Nevada, became unmistakably apparent as mounds of discarded champagnes, imported liqueurs, whiskey and bitters bottles sparkled in the desert sun.

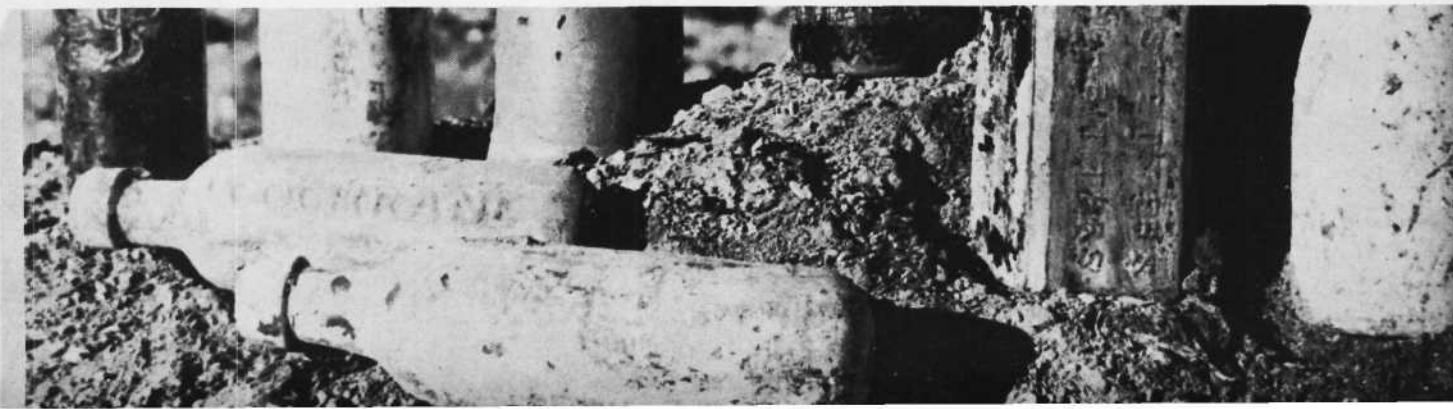
Statistics which show a 30,000 population for Goldfield, Nevada, near the turn of the century seemed plausible for the first time as they looked at its dump stretched across four square miles of sagebrush and sand. The number of perfume and toilet water bottles gave substance to a shady rumor that thirty red-light ladies "worked on the line" each night during the heyday of that city.

In Virginia City there seemed no end to bottles betraying a fabulous

wealth that brought luxuries from every corner of the earth—oysters and T-bone steaks washed down with a strong whiskey, schnapps, orange curacao, gin, champagne, or stout and famous old medicine that men such as Hostetter, Kilmer, Boschee and Wister manufactured to keep miners from dying of dysentery, cholera, consumption, lung, kidney or liver ailments.

Recently bottle searchers moved into the Sierra Nevadas to comb that area once again for its underground wealth. The clanging of picks and shovels may be heard today in the famous Mother Lode country as Jackson, Jamestown, Johnsville and Jamison are asked anew to give up their treasures.

The threat of bottle collecting in Plumas Eureka State Park of California has become as ominous to the conscientious park supervisors as the threat of deer poaching, since all artifacts of this historical mining area are the property of the state.





By Grace Kendrick photos by Laura Mills

A lovely selection of antique bottles is on display with mining equipment in the museum at park headquarters.

As the bottle fever spreads, old communities from Lewistown, Montana, to Albuquerque, New Mexico, are being re-visited. The sites of early breweries in Milwaukee are being searched for an extinct beer bottle. The earliest squat, blob-topped pop bottles are being unearthed near Dubuque, Iowa. Long-forgotten portages of the Mississippi River suddenly hold great interest to this generation as barrels of hand-blown bottles are rescued from sunken scows. Abandoned farm buildings in the mid-west are being searched from cellar to loft for stored glass items.

Once again women walk beside wagons along the old Oregon Trail—the new 4-wheeler wagon, that is. Men laboriously retrace routes of the earliest railroads, searching for flasks flung from trail windows or sake jugs abandoned by Chinese rail workers

or pepper-sauce bottles left beside early section houses.

Some avid enthusiasts have even trekked over the barren wilderness between Fallon and Lovelock, Nevada, the longest stretch of land without water of the early wagon train route to California. This treacherous 40-mile desert claimed the lives of thousands of livestock and hundreds of humans. To lighten a load and hasten the journey, desperate travelers once discarded valuable pieces of furniture and personal belongings along the way. Imagine the thrill of finding a little brown jug abandoned by a bearded pioneer along this hazardous road!

In some cases lucky hobbyists find bonanza in their own communities. Currently a rehabilitation is taking place in the oldest inhabited section of Sacramento. As basements and foundations for future skyscrapers are dug, bottles of 1830 vintage are being exposed. Collectors have engaged the help of sympathetic work-

ers who run the equipment at night in an attempt to salvage some of these valuable antiques.

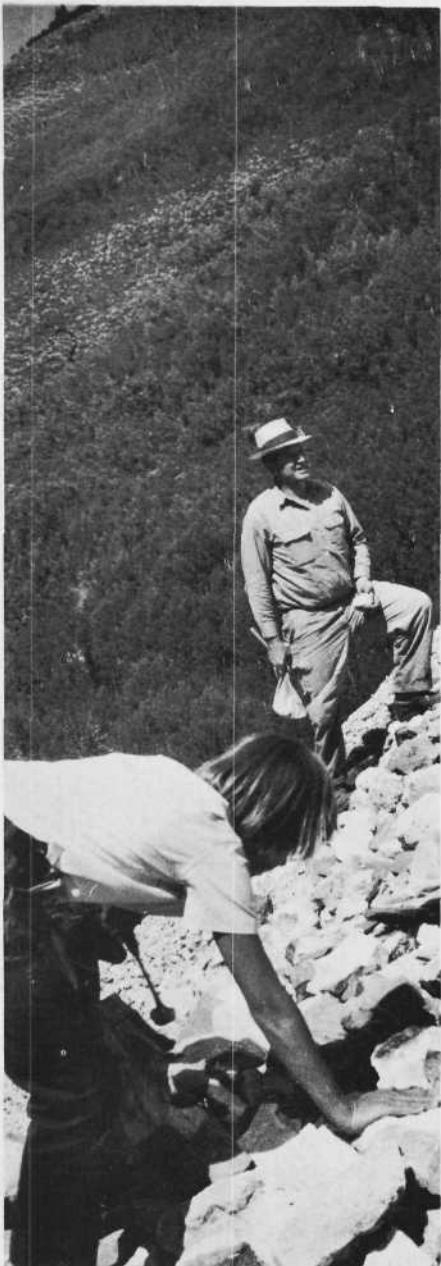
Bottle-prospecting is becoming more and more skilled. A successful digger requires a 4-wheel drive vehicle, a strong back and an aptitude for detective work. History books are being studied. Youngsters are listening to tales of "old timers" fully aware that bottles left beside a miner's cabin may have more value today than gold dug from his glory hole.

Men with metal detectors are "ticking out" buried cans. Their wives know that where the cans go, so go the bottles.

Such collectors, of course, are the hardy ones. There's another type less active, but no less interested. Those are the ones who study the newly designated front spot dedicated to bottles in antique shop windows. And they are also the ones who pay up to fifty dollars for these reclaimed treasures!

///





By
Raye
Price

The Treasures of

If you're a rock-hounding-history fancier looking for a new family vacation spot, head for Park City, Utah this spring and beat the crowds to specimens of minerals, gems, petrified wood, purple glass and artifacts before the brand new multi-million dollar Treasure Mountains resort facilities are discovered by tourists. Just as Col. Patrick Edward Connor's California Volunteers first prospected the area a hundred years ago, you, too, can roam the hills in search of a strike as this once-booming mining town prepares for a second bonanza.

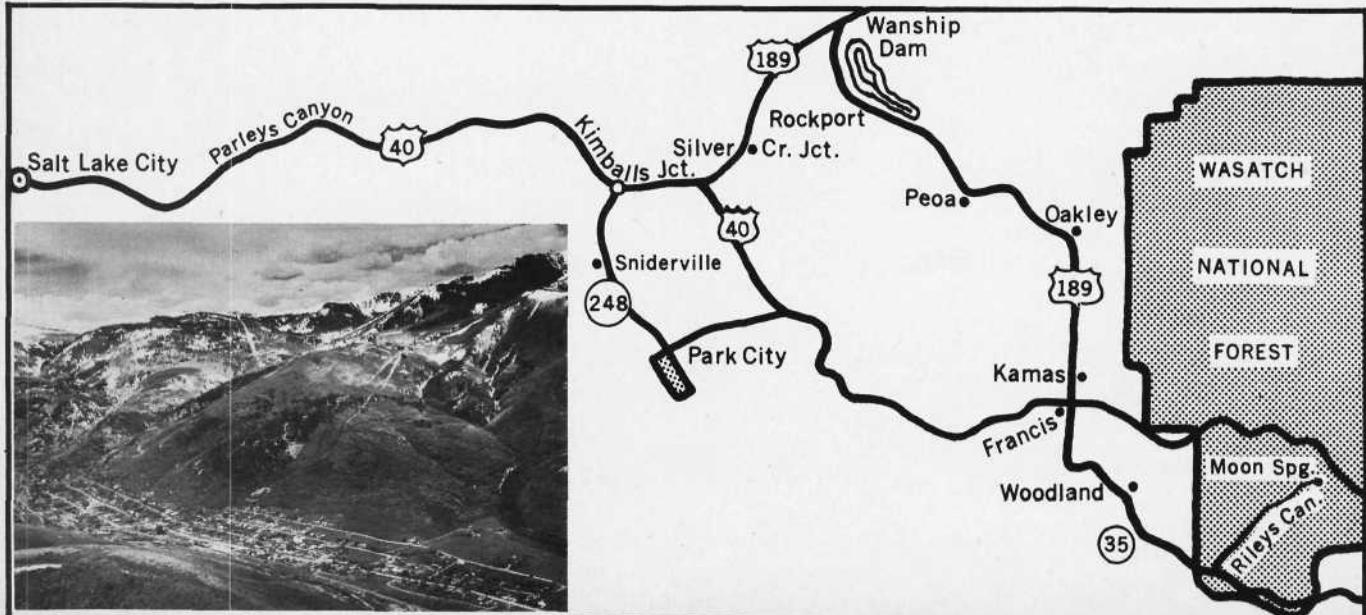
It was while climbing tiers of wooden stairs to photograph the terraced town, with its Main Street slashing the canyon like a bolt of lightning, that I spotted Moore's Gift and Rock Shop. A short chat with the proprietor, Charlie Moore, convinced me that rock-hounding was a way to combine a peek at Park City's history with enjoyment of this newly developed recreational area.

Mr. Moore, confident of Park City's reawakening, opened his shop shortly after the Treasure Mountains groundbreaking ceremonies last May. His is the first rock shop in this town, which

has mined \$475 million in silver, lead, and zinc ore over the years. A long time resident and past employee of the mines, Mr. Moore is an able guide and assured me he would be willing to direct visiting rockhounds and even take off a day to escort them by four-wheel drive to more remote areas for a nominal fee.

A trip up to three or four days could be planned with new diggings each day. Of primary interest would be a ride on the Treasure Mountain's Gondola, longest aerial tramway in North America, where, at the middle terminal, an old mill, hoist, and boardinghouses of the Silver King can be seen. A short walk from there to the Hanauer mine dump (due to be levelled this spring) would promise a good field of iron pyrite. Water is available at a near-by spring. A blessing now, it was a hazard in the past and, if you happen upon a local old-timer, you're likely to hear about the Cornish Pump.

In the latter part of the 19th Century, Park City mines began filling with water. The Ontario Silver Mine finally solved its problem by installing a gigantic Cornish Pump. It was some-



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TREASURE MOUNTAIN

thing no other western community could boast and the city was very proud. Costing \$110 thousand, its flywheel weighed 70 tons, the pump rod measured 100 feet of Oregon pine 16 inches square, and it could lift water from the 1000 foot level to 600 feet at the rate of 2560 gallons per minute. But, one day it stalled. A frantic search revealed a Scotch engineer who promised to repair it. The Scotsman climbed to the flywheel, whacked it with a sledge hammer, then, as the pump began to operate, astounded the owners with a bill for \$1000, itemized: "For hitting the wheel with a hammer, 50c; for knowing where to hit it, \$999.50."

Also within walking distance of the Silver King terminal is the Thayne dump, where Mr. Moore and I found more lead, pyrite cubes, peacock iron, dendrites in rhyolite, galena, and zinc than we could carry. After scouting these two dumps, a Gondola ride to the upper terminal offered a breath-taking view of the entire valley with refreshments at the Summit House.

The surrounding mountains are dotted with dumps that can be reached by foot or car (as Treasure Mountain's access roads are closed to private automobiles, the Gondola may be ridden there) and mines with adjacent boardinghouses are likely caches for purple bottles, crockery ore-testing mugs, and Chinese wine jugs used by Oriental camp cooks who stayed on as mine employees after completion of the railroad. Just east of the town is the city dump, virtually untouched by hunters of purple glass. Those who want horn coral, fossil shells, and petrified wood should check with Mr. Moore about permits for the Riley's Canyon area in the Wasatch National Forest. Permits may be obtained from rangers at Kamas, Utah and campers will find good springs and a beautiful setting among the aspens.

Longer trips might add specimens of moss jasper and agate in the Lake Creek vicinity, hematite at Guardsman's Pass, and artifacts and wood in the Silver Creek Canyon.

Not since the bulk of the mines closed down in 1952 has this old mining camp seen such promise. Spearheaded by the United Park City Mines Co., some 10,000 acres of mountain and lake country are being redeveloped for recreational purposes with work schedules stretching into 1976. Phase One of the plan should reach completion by the end of 1964 and, already, skiers are enjoying 18 miles of groomed trails for novice, intermediate and pro, the Gondola lift, the chair-lift, and two J-Bar tows. Tourists are riding the Gondola to the Summit House restaurant, the lower terminal clubhouse and activities center is open, stables are ready, and golfers are anticipating the spring opening of a nine-hole course. With the advent of May, visitors should be able to enjoy most of these facilities.

Park City residents refute the term "Ghost Town" and are proud of a history boasting a clean, lawful community and a populace renowned for overcoming fires, snowslides, and depressed conditions. From the time Col. Connor's men tied a red bandana to a bush as marker for a bold outcropping of quartz to the first real silver strike at the Ontario mine and on through years of booming activity, Park City attracted settled rather than transient miners and developed schools, newspapers, an opera house and other products of a permanent settlement. There was a time many thought Park City would out-do the Mormon community of Salt Lake City, but, eventually, it was seen that the mining fortunes were being invested in the valley and it was there that mansions and businesses were built.

While lodging at Park City is limited during this first phase of Treasure Mountains resort development, restoration of the New Park Hotel is underway and plans are being made for future hotels, motels, and private home sites. Camp grounds and water are plentiful and easy access to Highways 40 and 30S make Salt Lake City 30 minutes, Ogden 85 minutes, and Provo 50 minutes away. **///**

Desert COOKERY

Food Editor

Lucille Fredale Parleson

EASY DELICIOUS SOUP

1 can tomato soup
 1 can pea soup (not the kind with smoked ham in it)
 3 cups water
 1 small can milk
 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
 1 teaspoon Soy sauce
 1 tablespoon catsup
 Salt and pepper to taste
 1/2 cup Sherry wine
 Serves 4 or 5.

MUSHROOM-SHRIMP CHOWDER

3 cans mushroom soup
 3 soup cans of milk
 3 cups shrimp
 Dash of cayenne
 Sherry wine to taste (I use 1/2 cup)
 Combine soups and milk, stirring until smooth. Heat to simmering, but do not boil, stirring occasionally. Add shrimp and cayenne, heat, add Sherry and serve. 6 to 8 servings.

BORSCH

1 can Julienne-style beets
 1 can beef broth, undiluted
 1/3 cup finely chopped onion
 1 teaspoon salt
 2 eggs
 2 tablespoons sugar
 1/4 cup lemon juice
 1/2 cup dairy sour cream

In medium saucepan combine beets, onions, broth and salt. Add sugar, lemon juice and 2 cups of water. Cover and bring to boil over medium heat. Reduce heat and simmer for five minutes. Beat eggs well in bowl and gradually pour 1/2 cup of the hot stock over them, continuing to beat. Add to stock in sauce pan and stir quickly to blend. Serve at once topped with sour cream. Do not try to reheat, as it may curdle. 6 servings.

After the holidays when we have had so much rich food, we enjoy soup and salad meals. Here are a few easy-to-make soups.

MINESTRONE

1 lb. ground beef
 1 cup chopped onions
 1 cup raw cubed potatoes
 1 cup sliced raw carrots
 1/2 cup thinly sliced celery
 1 cup shredded cabbage
 1 No. 2 can tomatoes
 1/4 cup raw white rice
 Touch of bayleaf, thyme and basil
 5 teaspoons salt
 1/8 teaspoon pepper
 1 1/2 quarts water
 1 8-oz. package macaroni
 Grated American cheese

Saute beef and onion until slightly browned. Add vegetables and bring to boil. Sprinkle in rice, and add seasonings. Add water and simmer for 1 hour. Add macaroni for the last 15 minutes. When ready to serve, sprinkle with grated cheese. Serves 6.

CORN CHOWDER

1 cup chopped carrots
 4 small onions thinly sliced
 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
 1 No. 2 can yellow cream style corn
 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 2 cups milk
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 Dash pepper

Cook carrots in boiling salt water until tender. Cook onions in butter until golden brown. Combine soup, corn, milk, salt and pepper. Add carrots and onions. Heat to boiling point. 6 to 8 servings.

CHICKEN CHOWDER

2 cups cooked diced chicken
 2 cups milk
 2 cups chicken stock
 1/2 cup light cream
 3 medium potatoes
 1 strip bacon
 1 medium onion, sliced
 Salt and pepper to taste

Dice potatoes and cook until tender, but not mushy. Fry bacon and cook onion in bacon grease until golden. Combine vegetables, chicken, bacon bits and seasoning with stock. Gradually add milk and cream. If you wish to have a thicker chowder, mix 1/2 tablespoon of corn starch in a little cold water and add.

CRAB SOUP

1 can tomato soup
 1 can pea soup
 1 can consomme

Heat to boiling. Cool. Add 1 cup light cream, 1/2 cup Sherry, 1 can crab meat. Reheat, but do not boil. Serves 6.

CHILLED POTATO AND CUCUMBER SOUP

3 medium potatoes, pared and diced
 2 stalks of celery, sliced
 1 onion sliced
 2 chicken bouillon cubes
 2 cups water
 1/2 cup heavy cream (you may substitute canned milk)
 1 medium cucumber, pared and chopped
 Salt and pepper to taste

Cook potatoes, onions and celery in water with bouillon cubes until tender, about 15 minutes. Press through sieve or food mill. Cool. Add cream, cucumber, salt and pepper. Chill thoroughly. You may sprinkle chives or parsley over the top for garnishing. 4 or 5 servings.



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New Books

Continued from Page 7

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By Weldon F. Heald

Not only does this outstanding guide book tell the traveler how best to see colorful Arizona, but it includes reference material about wildlife, historical backgrounds and geological formations along with detailed maps by cartographer Cy Johnson of both highway and back country regions.

Makes good reading for armchair tourists as well as those motor borne. Published by Challenge Press, Susanville, California. Paperback, 60 pages. \$1.50.

DUST OF THE DESERT

By Jack Weadock

First published some 25 years ago, a new edition with the original sketches by famous western artist Jack Van Ryder recently appeared on the book market.

DUST OF THE DESERT is a graphic account of a period in Southwestern life that is rapidly becoming historic. Character sketches of desert rats, ranchers, cowhands, border patrolmen, prospectors and simple transients who wandered into Arizona and remained to contribute to color and lore before its current fashionable era are brilliantly portrayed by author Weadock, who himself came to Arizona for health reasons and went to work for the Arizona Daily Star in 1923. As a columnist and reporter, he covered border fricas, Indian troubles and even the gold rush in 1939 that attracted throngs of placer miners to Mesquite, Sonora.

Aficionados of Arizona will be especially appreciative of this hard cover, 306 page book, but it provides good, fast reading for anyone. Published by Arizona Silhouettes, Tucson. \$6.00.

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THE LAZY RL RANCH

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FISHERMEN on Ralphine Lake, south of Santa Rosa, were puzzled recently when the water suddenly glistened with transparent circles. Moreover, the "circles" were alive!

Immediately the phenomenon was reported to Dr. Allyn G. Smith, assistant curator of invertebrate zoology of the California Academy of Sciences, while another scientist, Jack Arnold, biology professor of Sonoma State College near Santa Rosa, hastened to the scene.

This was indeed a phenomenon. In his more than 50 years dedicated to collecting backboneless specimens, Dr. Smith had never before found the elusive freshwater jellyfish. "They are very rare—except when they occur," he said, a remark less facetious than it may sound. When they do occur, it isn't in limited numbers. On the contrary, they occur in such profusion that, as Professor Arnold reported, hundreds could be captured in one dip of a net.

To this writer, the fresh water jellyfish is not news. In the fall of 1962 we joined Doctors William Haskell and Jim Deacon of Nevada Southern University at Las Vegas to

study a fresh water jellyfish colony which occurred in a cove along the Nevada shore of Lake Mead.

The chief reason this creature, *Craspedacusta sowerbyi*, has defied scholarly understanding is because it is so sporadic. One summer your favorite swimming hole or fish pond might teem with them, but by winter they die and never again return. Or, perhaps a small number will occur over a period of several seasons and then entirely disappear. Because their appearance is usually in bodies of water unattended by park naturalists, they are rarely reported or effectively observed. The freshwater jellyfish remains a mystery. No one knows from where it comes, where it goes, its ultimate effect upon other forms of life, or why it performs as it does.

Unfortunately, the Lake Mead jellyfish did not congregate at one of the Marinas along the 500-mile shoreline. Instead, they pulsated happily in vast coves sheltered by towering mountains far from any access road. To capture a supply for the University aquarium, but chiefly to study them on the spot, the Lake Mead

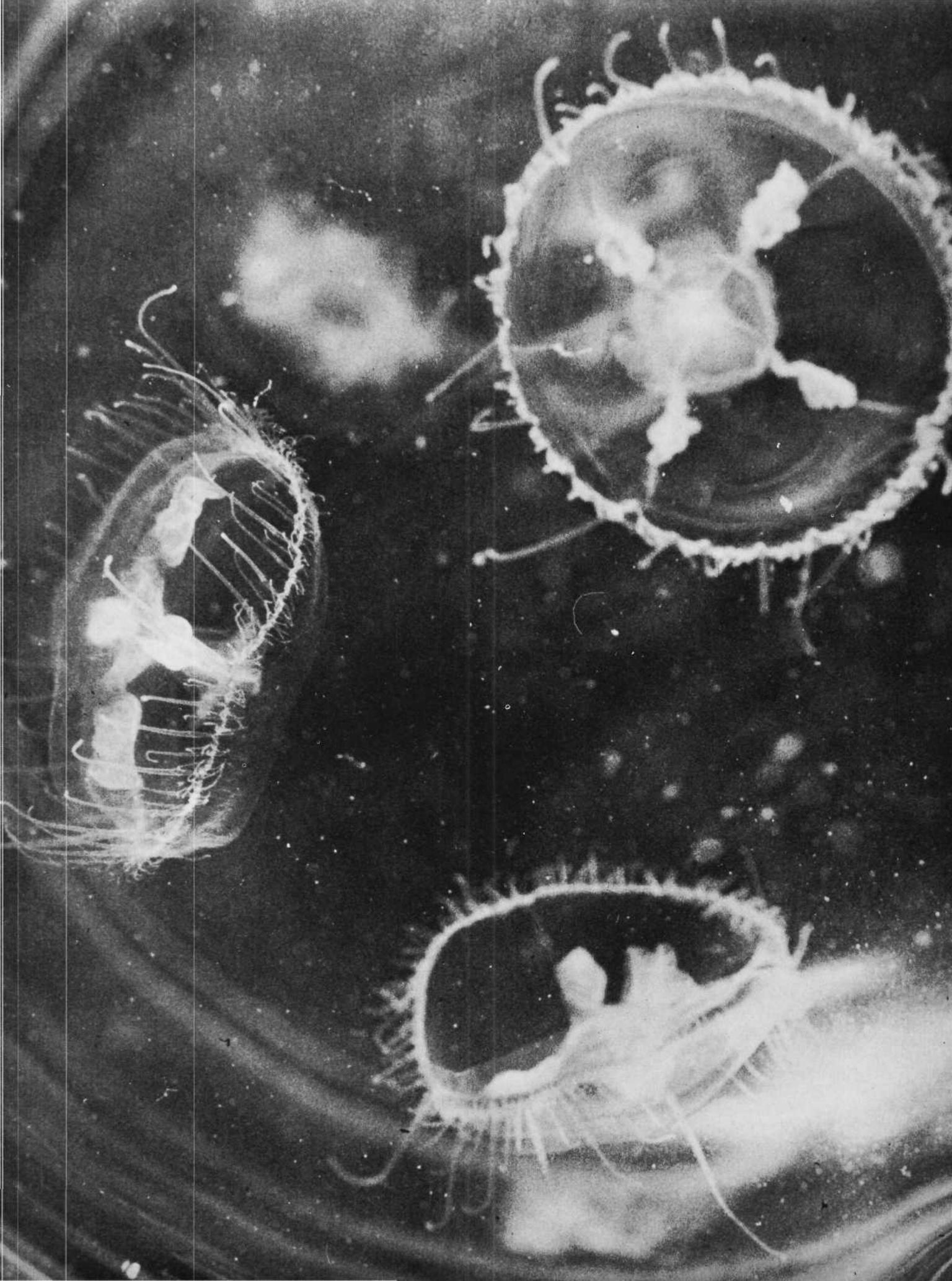
Recreational Department, the Shore Patrol and private individuals contributed time and boats to transport Scuba divers, equipment, and observers to the scene. Directed by Doctors Haskell and Deacon, a high-powered testing station operated around the clock, spot checking jellyfish activity over a period of months.

To study a creature as nebulous as this specimen may seem irrelevant, but as biologists have proven, one never knows. Who could have imagined that an educated understanding of the lowly algae might solve the problem for disposal of human excretion in sealed space capsules!

A deeper understanding of the freshwater jellyfish could shed light on the very fact of life itself. Because soft-bodied organisms fail to leave fossil imprints, it's impossible to deduce a definite date of origin, but scientists believe that tiny transparent animals such as the jellyfish foreshadowed a basic plan from which all forms of more highly developed animals evolved. One factor is certain; of the few pre-cambrian forms of life still existing, the jellyfish is the most primitive creature to possess a true mouth and

JELLYFISH in the DESERT

by CHORAL PEPPER



stomach. And of all species of jellyfish, including the marine, the fresh-water species is the most elemental—so elemental that it is marvelous that it exists at all. Contemplating its form, one is struck with the notion that life simply can't resist living; that it isn't derived from combinations of water, gas and mineral, but is an element itself.

Although referred to as "jellyfish," the *Craspedacusta sowerbyi* is really not a fish at all, but rather an animal sans skeleton. A typical Thorntsmithian-type character, the transparent jelly-like substance contained in its endoderm and ectoderm (Jellyfishese for skin and tissue) is composed of 98% water. The jellyfish has no brain, no blood vessels, no throat nor food canal. There is only one principal internal cavity, the stomach, which opens to the exterior by a single aperture, the mouth. It's strictly a one-way system. That which enters, exits via the same route. This is the simplest structure of functional life, discounting, of course, the sponge and certain one-celled protozoa.

Slightly smaller than a quarter, the animal's mushroom-shaped body is entirely transparent except for a faintly etched four-petal outline in the center of its bell-like cap which resembles the markings of a sand dollar. These flaps contain the gonads (glands which generate). Around the margin of the mushroom cap is a fringe of imperceptible eyelash-like tentacles containing coiled stingers which, when triggered, emit a poison powerful enough to stun a small fish and with repeated jabs, even kill it. A tubular section—the stem of the mushroom—extends from the center

of the body and acts as a mouth. Jellyfish are carnivorous. The microscopic plankton upon which they feed are caught and placed in the mouth opening by the tentacles.

Drifting in water within a few feet of the surface, they look like a series of flat circles geometrically prescribed by a compass. It is only in movement that they assume the mushroom shape.

Progress through water is achieved as a result of rhythmic pulsations or spasmodic muscular contractions of the bell part of its body. The animal lacks a true central nervous system, but it does have an efficient network of sensory cells connected with its muscular fibres which, when stimulated, controls the rate of pulsation of the bell for locomotion. Horizontal progress is slow, but the creature moves up and down at a fairly rapid pace.

Some of Haskell's findings are at variance with the limited amount of published material related to the sensitivity of this particular species. The plankta they eat seeks deep water by day and surfaces by night. Most fish follow suit. But not the freshwater jellyfish. It remains close to the surface during daylight hours and then disappears at night.

Although most marine jellyfish have ocelli, or eye spots, located around the outside rim of their bodies, it is generally believed that this fresh water descendant of the marine Hydrozoa class lacks these. Nevertheless, an apparent sensitivity to light detected by Lake Mead experiments suggests further examination. It is unlikely that the animals surface to feed when their plankton

is down; and it's evident that they aren't surfacing to avoid predatory fish, as even carp ignore them. Possibly they respond to red-yellow rays of the sun close to the surface, or even a gravitational pull. In the University aquarium, Dr. Haskell divided the tank into two sections, masking one side to keep it dark, and placed jellyfish in each sector. Soon they were all attracted into the light side; those in the dark section having slipped through a thin crack left in the partition.

Delightfully carefree as the life of the jellyfish might sound, its sexlife shouldn't happen to anything. The only way to distinguish a boy from a girl is to remove its petal-like gonad for microscopic inspection. Among jellyfish, of course, the decision is less devastating, since they haven't the brains to figure it out anyway.

A similar complaint is often registered by biology students trying to understand the complicated jellyfish affair. The cause for this confusion is a feature referred to by zoologists as "alternation of generation." This means that a single animal may achieve two forms during its lifetime—one sexual and the other asexual. The first is the "medusa" form, as seen on Lake Mead and Ralpbine Lake. The medusa reproduces sexually as other animals do by means of eggs and spermatozoa which after union produce baby polyps. The "polyp" is the asexual form. It has no sex organs and maintains a vegetative mode of reproduction by means of budding. Its buds may give rise to other polyps or to medusae. Because medusae produce only polyps, but polyps produce either other polyps or medusae, a regular alterna-

FOAM PLASTIC BUOYS WITH LINES THAT REACHED TO THE BOTTOM OF LAKE MEAD WERE MARKED WITH A KNOT EACH 15 FEET. TO RECORD AT WHAT LEVELS THE JELLYFISH CONGREGATED, THEIR HABITS AND SENSITIVITIES, SCUBA DIVERS, EACH EQUIPPED WITH A PLEXIGLAS SLATE, GREASE PENCIL AND 18-INCH WIRE HOOP, DESCENDED TO THE DEPTH OF THE LINE, INSERTED ITS WEIGHTED END INTO THE CENTER OF THE HOOP AND RECORDED THE NUMBER OF JELLYFISH THAT PASSED THROUGH THE HOOP AT EACH INTERVAL. DR. DEACON INSTRUCTS TWO 'SILVER FLIPPER' DIVERS





DR. HASKELL, AT RIGHT, GETS READY FOR COUNTDOWN

tion between polyps and medusa is attained. The polyp itself is difficult to study because of its inconspicuous size and immobile nature. None were recovered in Lake Mead and Doctors Haskell and Deacon were unable to raise them in the laboratory.

Originally recorded in England in 1881 when they turned up in a botanical garden among some water lilies imported from the Amazon, fresh water jellyfish have also been reported in Germany, China and Japan. In the U.S. they have been variously reported since 1908 in all states east of the Mississippi with the exception of those between Wisconsin and northern New England. West of the Mississippi they've intermittently frequented certain small lakes, fishponds, water filled quarries and artificial bodies of water produced by reservoirs and dams, such as the California Ralphine Lake and Nevada's Lake Mead.

The fact that these are usually artificial or comparatively new bodies of water might be of concern. Dr. Haskell recalls a "phenomenon" much publicized in 1958 when tiny fish-like creatures were observed swimming in a California dry lake bed suddenly filled by a flash flood. Scientists rushed to the scene from across the country. It seemed clearly a case of spontaneous generation. However, the mysterious life proved to be a form of the apus, a water flea, and what appeared as an exciting example of spontaneous generation was a product of "resting eggs." Dormant eggs of the species had remained buried in the sand from a time when water covered the desert and its return brought them to

life . . . which is still pretty exciting, even though not spontaneously conceived. Because the apus is considerably higher developed than the jellyfish, a hypothesis that a similar mode of reproduction explains the sporadic appearance of the jellyfish is not out of order.

Another question is whether or not the sting of these jellyfish is potent enough to deplete stock in sportsmen's waters. "They're too small to attack an adult 10-pound bass in Lake Mead," says Dr. Deacon, "but they have stunned and killed fingerlings in our aquarium. However, I can't visualize an effect marked enough to reduce the fish population."

Zoologist Haskell doesn't quite go along with that. Young fish normally live higher in the water than adult ones and in waters teeming with jellyfish, Haskell believes that young stock could be decimated. He goes even further than that. In a small pond used for swimming, he believes that repeated attacks of the poisonous sting into the tender skin of particularly sensitive children could conceivably set up an allergy similar to that of bee or hornet stings. This, of course, is purely speculation on his

part and because the Lake Mead species disappeared during last winter and didn't return, the question remains unanswered. Perhaps this will be determined in current experiments conducted by scientists of the Steinhart Aquarium, where the subjects are publicly displayed, or the California Academy of Sciences.

In the laboratory of Southern Nevada, 30 days was the maximum length of time Dr. Haskell was able to keep an individual jellyfish alive. He reports that some question remains in his mind as to whether his procedure was correct or whether this is the normal life span of the "little characters." They were well fed, temperature was properly maintained and several different age groups were present, (if size in an indication of age). Both he and Dr. Deacon feel that they didn't come up with any startling discoveries, but they did accumulate ecological data which will no doubt expedite future studies.

Considering that all animal life very likely evolved from the primitive jellyfish, they're a good thing to find out about. We might want to begin the whole thing over again sometime—on Mars!

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JUAN FLACO'S RIDE

(Continued from Page 25)

and coiled it. Fortunately his horse had encountered bears before and stood steady as the loop sailed out.

The bear backtracked quickly, as Juan had anticipated, and the noose settled about its neck. As the line tightened, Juan maneuvered his horse to the far side of the nearest oak and the lariat, sawing against the bark of the tree, dragged the bear against the trunk. With three turns around the saddle horn, Juan raced around and around the tree, binding the struggling, roaring beast.

Dismounting, Juan came up behind the struggling beast and drove his Bowie knife into the animal's neck again and again. Finally the roars and snarls grew feeble. The animal sagged to the earth. Juan cut a six-inch claw from one of its forepaws as a present for his friend Larkin.

When the sun reached directly overhead, Juan mounted his horse and rode away to the north. Two hours later, he startled five Hudson's Bay *mangeur du lards* fleshing out grizzly hides at the head of a ravine. Seizing their rifles, they watched in amazement as a horse and rider plunged into the open from the tall, wild oats. Bearing down on them momentarily, Juan curbed his great gray stallion sharply to the right, showering grain upon the astonished Frenchmen. Then horse and rider disappeared quickly to the north. Juan wrote that he "met the Frenchmen upon my return at the Canada de los Uvas, and explained my hurry."

He took a twenty-minute rest at a goat-herder's hut in the Jolon Prairie and, after a meal prepared by the goat-herder's sister-in-law, hit the trail again.

At San Lucas Juan struck the trail of the *padres* and hurtled through a series of hamlets and adobe villages. At Soledad and again at Gonzales, chickens and pigs scattered as the stallion thundered down the main streets. Blinds were raised and shutters swung out as women and girls saluted him by waving their *sostenas* and *camisetas*. It might make them late for the ball, but Juan Flaco was on time for Monterey.

Exactly on the hour, three days from Los Angeles, the steaming, panting mount brought Juan to the door of his friend, Thomas Larkin. The latter was not home, but others were, and he delivered his message and cigarette to Captain Maddox of the

Army. Juan said later, "I was fatigued and went to bed but could not eat, being satisfied with a cup of coffee and a glass of brandy."

As he lay resting, Maddox came to him and said it was urgent that dispatches be delivered to Commodore Stockton at Yerba Buena. He offered Juan \$200 to make the ride. Because the horsesman was obliged to continue on to deliver his own message, the offer was accepted with the proviso that he be furnished the swiftest horse available for the first lap.

An expensive racing stallion was at the door, champing to run, and at sunrise Juan mounted and bade goodbye to Monterey. At eight o'clock he stopped at the ranch of Angel Castro to secure another horse.

This Mexican, a kinsman of Juan Castro of Los Angeles with whom the "Slim One" had once traded lead, must not learn of Gillespie's straits. In lieu, then, of handing out a *cigarito*, Juan gave Castro a letter from Green, Larkin's clerk, which enabled him to secure another mount.

There was an hour's delay and while waiting, Juan was recognized by Jose Verdugo, an old friend. Friends were cheap now, however, so he clutched his knife as he growled a warning.

The Mexican slapped his thigh, roaring with laughter. "I am a North American, Juan," he said, tapping his chest. "I know all about Castro and Flores. They should have their bellies opened for the buzzards!"

A young girl brought forward a sturdy palomino mare and Juan mounted, certain now that Jose was still his friend. Other *cholos* appeared and as he raced away he heard them shouting, "Adelante, Juan Flaco de prisa companero!"

The letter from Green proved to be of immense value to Juan. He made two changes of horses before arriving at San Juan, one at the rancho of Antonia German at Lebree and the other at Ojo de Coche. Arriving in San Jose at noon, he found none of the persons to whom he carried letters, and, with spies abounding, he felt obliged to curtail any verbal seeking. After losing four hours of valuable time, he finally met his friend Larkin. Overjoyed, Juan gave him three of the cigarettes and the claw of the grizzly. Immediately Larkin found him a sturdy horse and Juan took off.

At eight p.m., he pulled up short on the beach at San Francisco, exactly four days from Los Angeles. The

gaunt horseman could see the twinkling lights on Commodore Stockton's frigate, The Congress, and heard the boom of the 8 o'clock gun as he lay down in the brush to sleep until morning. Juan wrote Larkin:

"The market boat came ashore at daybreak and I went aboard, gave the dispatches and the remainder of the *cigaritos* to the Commodore, had a glass of brandy with him, and felt that my duty was done."

Astonished at Juan's feat, Stockton asked him to draw a rude map of his route, with detours, distances, and incidents. From this an aide drew up an estimate of the miles covered—600 to 630. On the last day, allowing for seven hours lost in changing horses, Juan had averaged 22½ miles an hour!

In later days men became famous for much less in horsemanship and endurance. Phil Sheridan was immortalized for his short canter along an eastern turnpike, William F. Cody for his much disputed Pony Express ride, and Felix X. Aubrey for his endurance exploit in going from Santa Fe to Independence. Both Cody and Aubrey had fresh saddled horses at short intervals and traveled well-defined trails, so not even minutes were lost in transferring from one mount to the next. As an additional advantage, hostlers along the road gave them warning when danger lay ahead and suggested detours.

For Juan, all came to naught, however. Even as he galloped toward San Francisco, Gillespie was surrendering and marching his men under an amnesty to San Pedro. Not long afterward General Kearney recaptured Los Angeles and the American victory was assured. Perhaps in that sense, it might be said that Juan's ride rallied the American forces to victory.

Juan was never paid for his ride, in spite of the promises. He performed other feats for General Kearney, equally unrewarded. But no one remembered him. Juan Flaco's ride passed into oblivion.

The old horseman took his last ride on December 10, 1859, at Stockton, the city named for the man who received the last *cigaritos*. It is a pity that today Juan Flaco lies in an unmarked grave.

However, all was not entirely in vain. Ninety-seven years after the ride that made him famous, in April, 1943, the Calship yards floated a Liberty ship. Its name—Juan Flaco. At last, someone remembered. //

Desert **CAMERA**

Edited By Frank Jensen



FOR REAL drama in your photographs, try backlighting. But before I discuss the advantages and pitfalls of shooting into the sun, perhaps I should discern between types of outdoor lighting.

Shooting with the sun at your back and full on the subject, a subject is said to be "front lighted." When the sun comes from the side, the subject is "sidelighted," and when you face the sun, the subject is "backlighted." There are variations, of course. When the sunlight barely touches the side of the subject, the subject is "edge lighted," and so on.

Backlighting provides the landscape photographer with his greatest challenge because he has no control over his subject, except those offered by exposure and development. A black and white photographer may slightly overexpose to bring in the shadow area and slightly underde-

velop to reduce contrast. A color photographer, on the other hand, has no control over development and must rely on exposure alone. My technique for backlighting with color is to meter the brightest and dullest parts of the scene, then choose an exposure somewhere between the extremes. At the same time, I bracket my exposures. That is, underexpose two full stops and overexpose two full stops, just to make sure. When exposing for the highlights only, in a backlit scene, the foreground is dramatically silhouetted—a technique that applies admirably to sunsets and sunrises.

Backlighting, however, should not be limited to landscapes. Petals of desert flowers and leaves of trees appear almost iridescent when lighted in this manner. Backlighting, indeed, can make the difference between an ordinary and a striking photograph.

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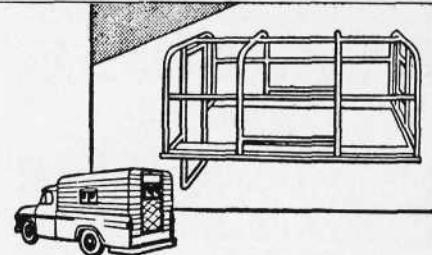
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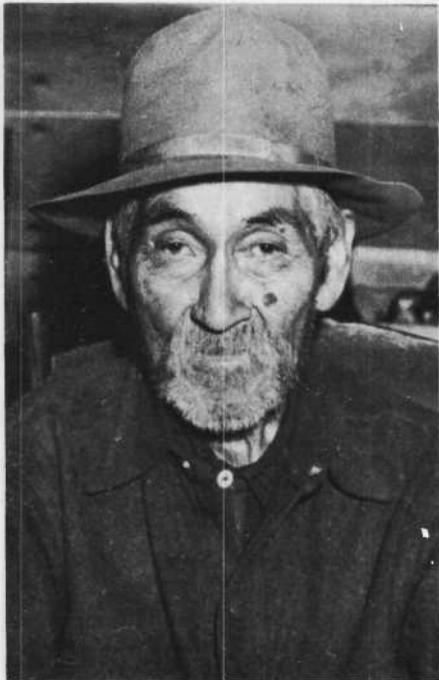
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LAST OF THE SHASTANS

by J. O. McKinney



JULIUS BENDER, LAST OF THE SHASTANS.

Likely candidates as the most ancient of ancients to inhabit this hemisphere, the Shasta people are believed to have belonged to the language family of the Hokam, although little has been preserved of their early characteristics.

They were a sedentary people, living in small villages near the present Oregon border. Their food was largely vegetal, made up of acorns, seeds and roots, but fish was also important to their diet; particularly salmon which they caught by net, weir, trap and spear to dry and preserve for winter food.

Dugout canoes of a clumsy type were used and their chief weapon was the bow. No clan organization existed and the village seems to have been a unit, as elsewhere in California. Shasta religious beliefs and ceremonials had little similarity to neighboring tribes, however, and were less rich in mythology than others of their linguistic group.

First contact with whites came in the early 19th century when fur traders trapped in their territory. Opening of a trade route between Oregon and California and the subsequent gold rush hastened their extinction, as they succumbed to the unfavorable environment of the mining camp. By 1912, most branches of the Shasta family were already extinct.

THREE MILES south-east of Yreka, California, a gray old Indian is writing finis to his people. Julius Bender, last survivor of the Shastans, lives alone on the 160-acre reservation allotted to them. He sings no dirge. If Julius grieves about his lonely state, or anything else, no one knows.

Through the unknown number of years he has lived, this little man, who weighs only about 125 pounds, has exhibited little emotion about anything except jail sentences. His most punitive thoughts toward anyone and the only way he jokes with his lone friend, Ben Brazie, is to threaten a long sentence in jail.

It was learned some years ago that the cantankerous old man entertained a rare friendship for the white son of a neighboring rancher. Whenever the lad, about a third his age, made a suggestion, observers were astonished that Julius immediately considered it a good idea. As a result, Ben became liaison officer between his red friend and the rest of the world. Subsequently the U.S. government appointed the youngster Julian's legal guardian, thus making it easier to work with this man so venomous against the human race.

Early in his life Julius worked on farms, but proved so querulous with other workmen that no one would work on the same place. At one time a white man nearly beat him to death, but if that accomplished anything, it was only to make him worse. To compensate for his small stature, Julius adopted offensive weapons. These led to jail sentences a few times, until he accepted the idea that jail was a bad place.

In recent years this unusual Indian has supplemented his allotment by leaving his reservation to cut cordwood for \$1 per cord. When pay for wood-chopping rose to \$1.25 per cord lot, Julius refused the extra money. It disturbed his bookkeeping! A settlement was finally effected by paying him the accustomed \$1.00 and presenting him with the balance in the

form of a Christmas present. He never knew when that was, however, and often complained that Christmas was a long time in coming.

How sums mystified this child of nature may be illustrated in his trying to explain the number of chickens a neighbor possessed. Julius stated, "That man Cal'well, he got lots chickens." When asked how many, he sidestepped by repeating: "Lots chickens, lots chickens."

His listener tried to help Julius arrive at the proper number by suggesting that Mr. Caldwell owned 1000 chickens. Julius pondered the sum, then discarded it, saying, "More'n that. I think it mebbe 500."

Although the last survivor of his tribe, Julius manifests a strong protective attitude toward his hillside reservation. Resenting trespassers, he waxes warlike at invasions, often producing an old shotgun to threaten those who come near the boundaries of his "kingdom." Doubt that it would shoot was often expressed by malicious pranksters until a fall day in 1962.

At that time a white lad followed a flock of quail he'd flushed onto the reservation. Julius appeared and fireworks developed. The boy's retreat was vociferous, and so was that of his dog. In their characteristic howlings, both claimed to be shot. One thing was sure. Julius' gun had been discharged. He landed in jail.

But Julius had chosen his only friend wisely. Ben Brazie rushed to court with an attorney who demanded a complete physical examination of both boy and dog. Fortunately for Julius, it was the dog who was shot; the frightened lad only thought he was.

Since that date Julius has remained on his reservation and others have remained off. Furthermore, now everyone knows whether or not the old shot gun will shoot!

In order to acquire an interview with Julius Bender, last of the Shastans, it is necessary to appear with his guardian, Ben Grazie, and carry about two cartons of cigarettes. Then walk softly and carry no big sticks. If alone, make your initial appearance with one carton extended and the other carried in plain sight. Then say Ben Brazie will be along in a few minutes with a box of groceries.

Psychiatrists believe the spectacle of seeing his people vanish caused the old man's bitterness. Others believe he is a throwback to Shasta Indians of the past. If so, for the sake of canines, it may be an excellent thing Julius is the last of his breed!

SURVIVAL in the Desert



CREOSOTE BUSH



PRICKLY POPPY

Seventh in a series of articles exploring the prehistoric Indian's formula for survival.

Many desert plants, in their multipurpose roles, served as both food and medicine to early man. A few, however, were reserved for ceremonial functions or restricted to medicinal use.

One extraordinarily controversial medicine was the desert mallow. In the southern parts of its range, Indians and Mexicans believed that wind blowing the hair of the desert mallow into the air was the source of all eye trouble. Conversely, in the northern areas of its range, Indians believed that an infusion made from the foliage of the desert mallow cured any eye trouble a person might have.

Other cures were equally sensational. For measles, a patient was given an extract made from the four o'clock plant. Should the measles be a three-day variety, results were good. It took the patient's mother one day to discover the infection; another day to travel by foot to visit a medicine man and obtain the cure; a third day to apply the medicine; and by the fourth day, all was well. For three-day measles, four o'clock never failed.

Possibly the hardiest of all desert growth is the creosote bush, sometimes called the greasewood. Early Indians effected some remarkable cures with it. They used an infusion of the creosote bush to ward off smallpox; they took steam baths in it; and they rid their scalps of dandruff with it. The only drawback to the latter use was its tendency to glue the hair stiff. But most peculiar of all, they used the plant as a deodorant. Only someone who has smelled a creosote can appreciate how really peculiar that was!

But all was not feast or famine on the prehistoric desert. There was plenty of time for love too. Or if there wasn't, a savvy maiden knew how to turn back the clock. From a medicine man she obtained a love potion to slip into a desired one's food or drink. This usually contained extracts from the desert poppy, an opiate, and worked very well. To all practical purposes the young brave lost his mind either temporarily or permanently while under her power and a wedding was often consummated. Not all tribes subscribed to this use of the poppy, but there's little doubt but what it was tried.///

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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Petroglyphs . . .

To the Editor: The November DESERT magazine has arrived and I commend you on a very interesting article. We are working ahead on a major effort of analyzing data on California petroglyphs and pictographs and hope to have the project completed in about a year. I will surely keep you in mind in connection with any releases pertaining to this work.

ROBERT F. HEIZER
Director Archeological Research,
University of California Berkeley

To the Editor: I have often visited the petroglyph area in Inyo County and was interested in the article by Choral Pepper in the November '63 issue. One fact seems clear—when the petroglyphs were made there was more water in the area than there is today, especially along the old waterway from Owens Lake and south where water once ran on its way to Searls Lake. Therefore, when water ran south out of Owens Valley there could have been no soda deposit as there is now in Owens Lake. I asked the U.S. Geological Department how long it would have taken to deposit the amount of mineral salts now there. The answer was that sodium carbonates take about 3500 years and sodium chloride about 4500 years. Therefore, these writings must have happened before these dates.

JOHN WARDLE DIXON
Fresno, California

Through the eyes of Gardner . . .

To the Editor: Delighted to see the beautiful color and read the informative articles in the November '63 issue. Feeling the pulse-beat of the desert through the experienced senses of Erle Stanley Gardner is invaluable.

ARTHUR L. ROULEAU
Azusa, California

Credit Where Credit Is Due . . .

To the Editor: In your December '63 issue The first statue made by Antone Martin in Yucca Valley was built half on our land. Mrs. E. Jones, not a well woman, carried cement and water for its foundation. Ralph Mondinger spent three hours taking movies of placing the statue on its foundation. Antone Martin had the statue in his yard in L.A. and didn't know what to do with it, so Ed Garner took his old truck and brought it here.

MRS. A. MORTENSEN
Yucca Valley, California

To the Editor: It has always been my policy to let the reader know who provides the necessary expert information in my articles. In my Treasure Hunting two-part series in November and December '63 issues of DESERT, I regret that you deleted the name of Curt Fisher, head of Underground Explorations, from my copy. Curt took the trouble to fly all of the way down from San Francisco to help me with the second part of the series and I feel he should be identified.

LEE OERTLE
La Verne, California

Tortoise . . .

To the Editor: Please mention to your readers that the basic needs of the desert tortoise are sun, shade, a proper place to hibernate, and lettuce to eat. This rapidly disappearing tortoise should not be maintained in captivity unless all of these requirements are observed.

NOEL McFARLAND
Valyermo, California

DESERT Collector . . .

To the Editor: I am glad to see DESERT Magazine back on the ball. The last few issues have been great—just like DESERT used to be when Randall Henderson managed it.

REY BARNHART
Chula Vista, California

Pegleg Again . . .

To the Editor: In answer to the Filer request regarding the name of a spring in the Old Woman Mountains (September '63) the name is Azalias, named for Pegleg's daughter who supposedly lived there with him for several years. Eunice Gallinari, Essex postmistress, is the person to see for further information.

Please cancel our subscription to DESERT. We feel the magazine is becoming too commercial in its views.

MRS. JAMES GEARY
Essex, California

EDITOR'S COMMENT: To meet the high costs of publication today, magazines that are not subsidized by a state, government, agency or organization must accept advertising or else raise subscription rates to such a high price that few could afford them. DESERT is both proud of and grateful to its advertisers and hopes that readers who appreciate this distinctive publication will support its advertisers as its advertisers support it. C.P.

To the Editor: DESERT Magazine is the best you can buy! In the November '63 issue there was a letter from one of the Farley brothers who owns the Izalia Spring property with Pegleg's name carved on a rock. I wonder if Mr. Farley knows that there were two Pegleg Smiths? One sold gas and oil at the west end of the old plank road and the other put his name on the rocks.

In 1925 I prospected with an old man who had found Pegleg's coat in the Carco Machacha Mountains. He'd been searching for Pegleg's mine for 30 years, but claimed that he never found it, although he always had gold when he came from the Carco Mountains. When the mine is found, it'll be found there.

GEORGE AYRES
San Diego, California

Tuff No. Tufa Si . . .

To the Editor: The article, "Tuff, Si! Tufa, No!", by Vern Miller in your issue of December, 1963 is almost entirely erroneous and misleading. Both tuff and tufa occur

abundantly in western Nevada and eastern California, the tuffs in beds of volcanic deposits, the tufas in the lake beds of ancient and modern lakes. In some cases, they are found together by accidents of Nature, not by kinship.

The two groups of rocks are not alike. A little hydrochloric acid on calcareous tufa will fizz, showing it is composed of carbonate, or limestone, which emits carbon dioxide gas from its solid structure. Neither tuff, nor any other fresh volcanic rock, will respond to this test because such rocks are composed of silica, silicates and other non-carbonate materials. Carbonates are destroyed when subjected to the intense heat of volcanic activities.

It is true that science recognizes the existence of welded tuffs, glassy materials partly fused in the intensely hot gas flames just above the vent of a volcano. But such materials look like a mixture of pumice, tuff, and glass. They have no regular structure and do not respond to the acid test. Mr. Miller simply jumped to conclusions before he finished his homework.

It is true, these tufas of the Lahontan Basin(s) are neither cave nor spring deposits. They were deposited from solution in the brackish water near shore and in shallow bays of the not-so-ancient Lake Lahontan and its modern remnants, Walker Lake and Pyramid Lake. Similar tufa deposits are found below the highest shore lines of Mono Lake, Searles Lake, Panamint Lake, Salton Sea, and many others. They never are found ABOVE the highest shore lines of these lakes, except as fossils in uplifted ancient strata.

These tufas are made of calcium carbonate that was dissolved in the lake, washed down by streams from weathered mountains. The living agents that bring about this precipitation are various species of green and blue-green algae, of which slimy colonies live on the surface of rocks beneath the water.

The various shapes of these tufa deposits all are radial and laminated in structure, growing outward in all possible directions from the base or center, adding layer upon layer at the periphery. Algal colonies of different species develop bases of different shapes, and colonies on ledges develop reef contours different from those on muddy submerged flats, the prime home of small water-biscuits.

In contrast with these orderly growths of tufa, the volcanic tuffs, as they fall from the sky in a loose shower of dust, mud and pellets, have no ways of forming themselves into symmetrical units. Under the influence of explosion, wind, rain and floods, they become stratified into layers and harden that way into rocks that grade from fine tuffs to coarse breccias and conglomerates, the latter often containing pebble of contrasting colors.

These wonderful limestone growths are equal in scientific and educational interest to the Petrified Forest National Park and the Bristle Cone Pine Reserve of the White Mountains. It is hoped that the rock-loving public and their governments will take immediate steps to protect them against the ravages of a marauding horde. For the sake of all, let these wonders remain where they are.

ALBERT E. THOMPSON
Teacher, General Science
Kerman Union High School
Kerman, California

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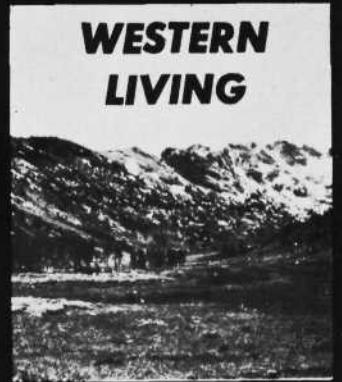
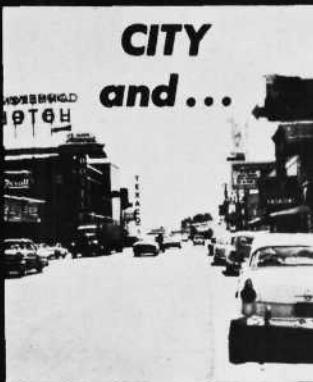
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